

MODERN ENGLISH SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

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INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1914

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P R E F A C E

THE chief aim of this book is to put before the foreign reader carefully chosen specimens of the English language as it is spoken at the present day. University courses in English for foreign students too frequently tend to be limited to authors whose works have become classical, and consequently the student is apt to be set to pore over books couched in a style which, however admirable, is not that of the current language of our day. Hence arises a very unfair, yet not altogether unnatural, ridicule of the English written and spoken by foreign students of the language. Their style is too laboured, heavy, florid, and literary, and very often obsolescent. For this reason modern authors only have here been borrowed from, and, further, only speeches and addresses have been included in this collection. The one exception to the rule that only spoken words should be included is HIS MAJESTY'S letter to the Princes and People of India (May 24, 1910), which is, however, in the nature of a proclamation, and is, like all HIS MAJESTY'S speeches, expressed in direct and vigorous words, going straight to their purpose, and coming straight from the heart.

I may perhaps suggest further that this volume presents a gallery of characteristic and diverse portraits of

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some of our most notable contemporaries, headed by the greatest figure in the Empire.

My grateful thanks are due to the eminent authors of these speeches, and to the following publishers, for permission most kindly granted to include copyright matter:—

Messrs. Williams & Norgate, publishers of *The King to His People, being the Speeches and Messages of HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V, as Prince and Sovereign* (1911).

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The Theosophical Publishing Society, publishers of *London Lectures of 1907*, by Mrs. ANNIE BESANT (1909); and of *Essays and Addresses, Vol. I. "Psychology,"* by Mrs. BESANT (1911).

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I am further indebted to Mr. C. J. Longman for much assistance very kindly rendered in the preparation of this volume.

J. G. JENNINGS.

ALLAHABAD, *Scptember* 1913.

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HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

A PANORAMA OF INDIA¹

AT GUILDHALL (17th May 1906):

The seven months' absence has been to us a happy and interesting experience. Still, we rejoice to be at home again, and are thankful to God that He has spared us to return to our children and to those that are dear to us. It is nearly five years ago that the Princess of Wales and I were entertained by the Lord Mayor and the City of London in this ancient hall on the termination of our memorable tour to our sister nations beyond the seas. We are met here to-day under similar circumstances, and the conclusion of our visit to the great Indian Empire may, I think, be regarded as the completion of the mission originally entrusted to us by the King. It is a great satisfaction to us that we have been privileged to visit nearly every part of the British Empire. In thus accomplishing what has been the ambition of our lives, the Princess and I desire to express our sincere gratitude to the country for having enabled us to make this long voyage in such a fine vessel as the *Renown*. No less warmly do we thank the Government of India for the admirable arrangements for our railway journeys of nearly nine thousand miles, which were made with every

¹ From *The King to his People, being the Speeches and Messages of His Majesty George V, as Prince and Sovereign* (Williams & Norgate, 1911).

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possible consideration for our convenience and safety. It may, perhaps, interest you to know that we spent twenty-eight nights in our comfortable train. From the 9th of November, the day of our brilliant reception on landing at Bombay, until the moment of our departure from Karachi on the 19th of March, we were welcomed everywhere with a display of enthusiasm and affection which profoundly touched us, and the memory of which will never fade from our minds. We were still more impressed by the unmistakable proofs of genuine devotion and personal attachment to the King-Emperor. At every place we visited where my dear father had been thirty years ago, the event was spoken of with the keenest interest and pride, not only by those who remember seeing him, but also by the younger generation.

Although we were welcomed everywhere by happy, holiday-making crowds which thronged the gaily-decorated streets, we did not forget the misery and poverty which, alas! existed in certain districts afflicted by famine through which we passed. When at Gwalior, I had the opportunity of inspecting a famine camp, and saw with sad interest, but with satisfaction, the excellent arrangements effectively carried out for mitigating the sufferings of upwards of 6000 men, women, and children, who were there employed, fed, and cared for.

Our visits to several of the great Feudatory States will always be reckoned among the happiest and most interesting of our experiences. We were received by the respective rulers and their peoples with the warmest enthusiasm, with all the gorgeousness and circumstance of old Indian customs, and by them entertained with magnificent hospitality. I enjoyed social intercourse with many of these great Princes, and I was impressed with their loyalty and personal allegiance to the Crown, their

nobility of mind, their chivalrous nature, and the great powers which they possess for doing good. I might mention that in several of these States the Imperial Service troops are an important feature. They are raised, equipped, and maintained by the Princes themselves, to be placed at our disposal in case of war. Though these States supply their own officers, these regiments are under the guidance and inspection of British officers; and it is to be hoped that this excellent movement may be extended throughout all the Feudatory States.

No one could possibly fail to be struck with the wonderful administration of India. Time did not permit of our leaving the beaten track for the interior of the country, and thereby gaining an insight into the machinery of that most efficient organisation, the Government of a district. But we had opportunities of seeing at the headquarters of the Presidencies and of the different Provinces the general and admirable working of the Civil Service. At the same time, we realised that it is a mere handful of highly-educated British officials, often living a hard and strenuous life, frequently separated from their fellow-countrymen, and subject to the trials and discomforts of the plains, who are working hand-in-hand with representatives of the different races in the administration of enormous areas in the government of millions of people.

During the month of December, in the neighbourhood of Rawal Pindi, I had the pleasure of staying with Lord Kitchener in his camp of manoeuvres, and witnessed operations on an extended scale between two armies numbering in all over 55,000 men, terminating in a review and march past of the largest force ever brought together in India in time of peace. I was struck with the general fitness and the splendid appear-

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ance of the British troops, with the physique and power of endurance of the Native Army, and the dash of its cavalry, while throughout the army I found an earnest desire for increased efficiency and for readiness to take the field. I was specially glad to have this opportunity of being associated with our magnificent army in India under such practical conditions. I am proud to say that during my tour I was able to inspect 143,000 troops.

Having seen several colleges and other educational institutions in different parts of India, I gained some slight idea of the efforts that are being made to place within the reach of all classes a liberal education. Let me take as an example the great Mohammedan college and school at Aligarh, which is supported and controlled by the private enterprise of Mohammedan gentlemen from all parts of India. A residential system similar to that at Oxford and Cambridge has been adopted. At the same time athletics are not neglected, and in all schools and colleges there is much emulation in cricket and football. Undoubtedly, such institutions must materially affect the formation of character in future generations.

If I were asked to name any general impressions which I have formed during this exceptional but all too short experience, they would be that I have learnt to appreciate the fact that India cannot be regarded as one country. We talk casually of going to India. But the majority of us, perhaps, do not realise that it is a continent with an area equal to the whole of Europe, without Russia, containing a population of 300,000,000 of diverse races, languages, and creeds, and many different grades of civilisation. I was struck with its immense size, its splendour, its numerous races,

its varied climate, its snow-capped mountains, its boundless deserts, its mighty rivers, its architectural monuments, and its ancient traditions. I have realised the patience, the simplicity of life, the loyal devotion, and the religious spirit which characterises the Indian peoples. I know also their faith in the absolute justice and integrity of our rule.

I cannot help thinking from all I have heard and seen that the task of governing India will be made the easier if we, on our part, infuse into it a wider element of sympathy. I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever-abundant and genuine response. May we not also hope for a still fuller measure of trust and confidence in our earnest desire and efforts to promote the well-being, and to further the best interests, of every class?

In speaking of my impressions, I should like very briefly to record a few of those scenes and incidents which will be to us of lasting value. Would that I were able in any way to picture our arrival in Bombay, amid the greetings and hearty acclamations of its cosmopolitan population, dressed in every conceivable colour, and all beneath the clearest blue of an Eastern sky. Quitting Bombay in tropical heat, my thoughts carry me from there over hundreds of miles, almost as far as from London to Constantinople, to the rigorous climate of the Khyber Pass. The Union Jack, floating over the fortress of Jamrud, reminds us that British protection is guaranteed to the caravans that pass twice a week to and from Afghanistan, throughout this twenty-five miles of neutral territory. At Lundi Kotal, the further entrance of the Pass, five British officers and a regiment of Afridis—that tribe which only a few years ago was fighting against us—now garrison this lonely outpost to our

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Indian Empire. To the historic stronghold of Ali Musjid came the leading Khans, each bringing offerings of goodwill in the shape of the pick of their flocks of sheep, and the finest specimens of their honey.

Contrast such wild and semi-civilised scenes with Delhi and Agra, those centres of artistic wealth and of priceless architectural monuments, for the preservation of which, and the great care bestowed upon them, universal thanks are due to the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon. Imagine us next at Gwalior, and later on at Benares, making our public entry under conditions impossible in any other part of the world, mounted as we were on elephants, gorgeously caparisoned, and passing amid escorts and troops clothed and equipped in all the picturesqueness of mediæval pageantry. But, among all these varied and striking impressions, none have stirred our hearts as did the Ridge at Delhi, and the grounds and ruins of the Lucknow Residency. They recalled with vivid reality those glorious heroes and those thrilling deeds which will for ever make sacred the story of the Indian Mutiny. I think you will be interested to know that Colonel Bonham, one of the few survivors of the siege of Lucknow, is present here among us to-day. Although he was wounded three times during the siege, I am glad to say he is still fit and well, and was good enough to act as our guide when we were at Lucknow in December last.

The New Year saw us in Calcutta, the capital of India, and the second largest city of the British Empire, where our reception was most cordial and sympathetic. Here I had the satisfaction of laying the foundation-stone of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall, a great and national memorial, the inception of which is chiefly due to Lord Curzon, to be a treasure-house of relics and records of the life and reign of our late beloved Sovereign, whose

memory is held in loving veneration by every race throughout the Continent of India. If time permitted, I should like to dwell upon Burma, so different, as it is, from India in the nature of its people and in its social characteristics; to speak of the famous golden pagoda at Rangoon, of the interesting sights at Mandalay, and of three delightful days spent on the great River Irrawaddy. Let us change the scene to Madras and its historic associations, so closely connected with the foundation of our Indian Empire. Let us pass thence through the hot plains of Southern India, journeying northwards through Benares, the metropolis of Hinduism, with its sacred river and famous shrines, until at length we re-enter the region of frost and snow at Quetta, with its outpost at Chaman, another gateway in that wild and mountainous district which constitutes our north-west frontier of India. Leaving Quetta, we retrace our steps through that triumph of engineering skill, the railroad through the Bolan Pass; and, descending from an altitude of 5500 feet, we pass through the burning plains of Sind and reach Karachi, the rapidly growing port of that province. And here we bid farewell to the country, where for many months we had found a second home, and for whose people we shall preserve a lasting affection.

But these are mere first impressions. I am fully aware how impossible it is to gain accurate and intimate knowledge of so vast a country by a visit of only four and a half months. Yet I would strongly suggest to those who are interested in the great questions which surround the India of to-day to go there and learn as much as is possible by personal observation on the spot. I cannot but think that every Briton who treads the soil of India is assisting towards a better understanding with the Mother Country, helping to break down prejudice, to

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dispel misapprehension, and to foster sympathy and brotherhood. Thus he will not only strengthen the old ties, but create new ones, and so, please God, secure a better understanding and a closer union of hearts between the Mother Country and her Indian Empire.

THE NOBLE ART OF PRINTING¹

² I AM sure that the Queen and the Princess of Wales—indeed, all the members of our Family—are ever ready to identify themselves with and support the charitable undertakings which, as the Duke of Marlborough has truly said, are an essential feature of our public life. He has been good enough to allude to the visit which the Princess and I made to the establishment of the King's printers and to the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*. It was most interesting to have this glimpse into the great printing world, where we were astonished at the wonderful mechanical appliances both in the work of the compositor, in the stereotyping, and in the actual printing machinery; and it was a pleasure to see the favourable conditions and surroundings in which this work was carried out. As to myself, the Duke was far too flattering in his allusions to whatever I have been able to do in the discharge of my many public duties. I can only assure you how happy I am to be associated with you all in helping a charity on behalf of those from whose labours we derive some of the most precious blessings of life. In proposing this toast, I recall the names of those to whom this duty has been entrusted in the past. The King presided at your dinner in 1895. Lord John Russell did so at the first festival in

¹ From *The King to His People, being the Speeches and Messages of His Majesty George V, as Prince and Sovereign* (Williams & Norgate, 1911).

² 21st May 1909. At the eighty-second anniversary festival of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation.

1828, and among his many distinguished successors were Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Charles Dickens, Tom Taylor, Dean Stanley, and my late uncle the Duke of Cambridge.

Those came to plead the cause of this great charity—and is it not one which has claims upon us? The printer is the invisible friend of all who have written, all who have read. The printing press is the source of the life-blood of the civilised world. Stop its pulsations, and collapse, social, commercial, and political, must inevitably follow. The noble art of printing has been the generous giver of knowledge, religious, scientific, and artistic. It has been the instrument of truth, liberty, and freedom; and it has added to life comfort, recreation, and refinement. And yet how comparatively recently in the world's history did mankind become possessed of this priceless gift! In 1637, we are told, the Star Chamber limited the number of printers in England to twenty. Fifty years later, except in London and at the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, there was scarcely a printer in the kingdom. The only printing press north of the Trent was at York. In 1724, there were thirty-four counties, including Lancashire, in which there were no printers. In 1901, the last Census showed that in England and Wales there were over 107,000 men and nearly 11,000 women employed in printing and lithographic trades. Until the Licence Act was abolished in 1695, there was only one newspaper in these islands, the *London Gazette*. Its total circulation was 8000 copies, much less than one to each parish in the kingdom; and no political intelligence was allowed to be published without the King's licence. Since 1760, the *London Gazette* has been printed by the house of Harrison; and the head of that firm, the fourth direct descendant, is present here to-night. To-day there are

some 1300 daily, weekly, and monthly publications in London alone. In 1771, the House of Commons issued a proclamation forbidding the publication of debates, and those printers who defied it were summoned to the Bar of the House. To-day *The Times* supplies us with almost a verbatim report of Parliamentary debates by five o'clock the next morning. In 1852, we are told in the life of Delane, the daily issue of *The Times* was 40,000, the *Morning Advertiser* 7000, and the remaining principal London papers an average slightly over 3000 each. To-day the machines of many of the London morning papers turn out upwards of 20,000 copies per hour, so that within a period of more than half a century the circulation of the London Daily Press has increased from tens to hundreds of thousands. In the Colonies and India there has been a corresponding development in the art of printing. The official account of the visit which the Princess and I paid to India in 1905 was published in Bombay, and in all its details was the result of Indian work, and would, I imagine, bear comparison with the best of our home production.

With regard to the printer's life, while legislation and the general advance of civilisation have done much both as regards his wages, hours of work, and his surroundings, it is probable that the keen competition and modern requirements render it more strenuous than ever before. The profession is to be congratulated upon still maintaining the old system of apprenticeship for a term of seven years; while within the excellent classes formed in the technical institutions, both in London and in the provinces, the apprentices are able to supplement the knowledge obtained in the workshop, where the work has become every year more and more specialised. I hope it will not be considered out of place if I remind

my friend the American Ambassador, who has been kind enough to support me this evening, that the great Benjamin Franklin worked as a printer for nearly two years in London, and that the printing press which he used is now in the possession of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. It is an interesting fact that various circumstances have combined to remove to a considerable extent book printing from London to the country; but, beside the daily and weekly newspapers, most of the magazines and periodicals are still printed in London. As most of the daily papers go to press after midnight, we may say that, practically, London sleeps while the printers are working; and, while we regard it as a matter of course that our newspapers are on the breakfast table every morning, do we realise the industry, thought, attention, and accuracy which have been bestowed on their pages not only by the printer but by the correspondent and the reporter? Members of Parliament and public men are, I imagine, quick to recognise with gratitude and consideration the care with which their utterances are dealt with in the columns of our newspapers. Sir Robert Peel, speaking once on this subject, said: "We ought to consider ourselves greatly indebted to the gentlemen of the Press, for who of us, as we sit at our breakfast table in the morning, would like to see our speeches of the previous night reported verbatim?"

Perhaps I have said enough to recall what we owe to those on whose behalf this charity was founded some eighty years ago, a charity that was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1865. Its work is excellent; and in my humble opinion it possesses one special characteristic which should appeal to the charitable public—it is provident, it is based upon self-help, and therefore

it encourages thrift. Every member contributes 5s. annually, and the pensions are fixed according to the number of years of membership. At the same time, the funds of the institution are largely supported by those who are not candidates for its assistance, I mean the general public. At present a sum of £6868 is distributed annually among 418 recipients. The almshouses accommodate thirty-two inmates, while the orphan children of the printers are supported, clothed, and educated in selected schools. Two days ago the Princess and I had the pleasure of visiting the almshouses. We can testify to the bright, cheerful, and comfortable homes in which the inmates pass the declining days of their life. The past year has been a successful one, and there is still much to be done. More than a hundred deserving cases, many of them over seventy years of age, still remain upon the candidates' list. The most prominent feature of the year has been the continued issue of *Printers' Pic*. Apart from the substantial sum which it has contributed to the fund, its issue has been of the greatest benefit in bringing the work of the Corporation before the benevolent public. But the success of the Corporation is largely due to that host of helpers who sacrifice valuable time and work to assisting in its administration and management. To those who have generously acted as stewards of this festival and to Mr. Mortimer, the Corporation's most excellent secretary, I ask you to join with me in expressing our heartfelt thanks. May I refer to one of our guests present here to-night, Mr. J. R. Haworth, who worked for many years as a compositor in London. He has founded a pension, and in other ways has contributed most generously to the funds of this charity. I trust he will forgive me for mentioning the fact that he is in his eighty-ninth

year. He is also one of the ablest bell-ringers in the Kingdom.

I feel that I have but imperfectly described the history, the aims, and achievement of this splendid institution. So, in conclusion, I will quote Dean Stanley's beautiful words, which were used by him thirty-seven years ago when he appealed on its behalf. He said: "Those of us who have read the endless works which come from the teeming Press of our day must remember that, behind the innumerable sheets, the vast mountains of type, and the constant whirl of machinery, there stands an army of living friends, unknown, unseen, through whose attentive eyes, and over whose busy fingers, the light of God, the light of the world, the light of knowledge, the light of grace, streams out in continuous rays to every corner of our streets and of our homes. It is for us to repay that anxious labour, that straining care, that wasting vigilance, and to see that, when they are dead and gone, to those also in the dark corners of their bereaved homesteads shall flow the light of consolation, cheerfulness, and comfort."

“THE OBJECT OF MY LIFE”¹

² My heart is too full for me to address you to-day in more than a few words. It is my sorrowful duty to announce to you the death of my dearly loved father, the King. In this irreparable loss which has so suddenly fallen upon me and upon the whole Empire, I am comforted by the feeling that I have the sympathy of my future subjects, who will mourn with me for their beloved Sovereign, whose own happiness was found in sharing and promoting theirs. I have lost not only a father's love, but the affectionate and intimate relations of a dear friend and adviser. No less confident am I in the universal loving sympathy which is assured to my dearest mother in her overwhelming grief.

Standing here a little more than nine years ago, our beloved King declared that, as long as there was breath in his body, he would work for the good and amelioration of his people. I am sure that the opinion of the whole nation will be that this declaration has been fully carried out. To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the Constitutional Govern-

¹ From *The King to His People, being the Speeches and Messages of His Majesty George V, as Prince and Sovereign* (Williams & Norgate, 1911).

² King Edward VII died on 6th May 1910; and on 7th May, in the Throne Room of St. James's Palace, the accession of King George V to “the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom” was proclaimed by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, members of the Privy Council, “with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London,” to whom His Majesty made the above reply.

ment of these realms, will be the earnest object of my life.

I am deeply sensible of the heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely on Parliament, and upon the people of these islands, and of my Dominions beyond the seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers that God will grant me strength and guidance. I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have, in my dear wife, one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavour for our people's good.

A PLEDGE TO INDIA¹

²THE lamented and unlooked-for death of my dearly loved father calls me to ascend the Throne that comes to me as the heir of a great and ancient line. As King and Emperor, I greet the Princes, the Ruling Chiefs, and all the other dwellers in my Indian dominions. I offer you my heartfelt thanks for the touching and abundant manifestation that this event has called forth from all the diverse races, classes, and faiths in India, of loyalty to the Sovereign Crown, and personal attachment to its wearers.

Queen Victoria, of revered memory, addressed her Indian subjects and the heads of Feudatory States when she assumed the direct government in 1858; and her august son, my father, of honoured and beloved name, commemorated the same most notable event in his Address to you fifty years later. These are the charters of the noble and benignant spirit of Imperial rule, and by that spirit in all my time to come I will faithfully abide.

By the wish of his late Majesty, and following his own example, I visited India five years ago, accompanied by my Royal Consort. We became personally acquainted with great kingdoms known to history, with monuments of a civilisation older than our own, with ancient customs

¹ From *The King to His People, being the Speeches and Messages of His Majesty George V, as Prince and Sovereign* (Williams & Norgate, 1911).

² This letter to the Princes and People of India was issued to the Press and published on 24th May 1910.

and ways of life, with native Rulers, with the peoples, the cities, towns, villages, throughout those vast territories.

Never can either the vivid impressions or the affectionate associations of that wonderful journey vanish or grow dim.

Firmly I confide in your dutiful and active co-operation in the high and arduous tasks that lie before me; and I count upon your ready response to the earnest sympathy with the well-being of India that must ever be the inspiration of my rule.

GEORGE R.I.

LORD AVEBURY

MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARY JUBILEE¹

² I FEEL it a very great honour to have been invited to take a part on this important and interesting occasion, and am the more sensible of it when I remember the illustrious men—Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, John Bright, Monckton Milnes, Sir James Stephen, and others—who attended the ceremony fifty years ago, the Jubilee of which we are now celebrating.

If I make an appeal for your indulgence, it will not surprise those who remember that Thackeray himself on that occasion was so nervous that he actually broke down, appalled, as Mr. Edwards suggests, by the sight of 20,000 books, but rather, I think, by the great audience before him. . . .

Manchester had the first of the great public libraries now happily spread so widely over the length and breadth of the land. The good example you set was at first but

¹ From *Essays and Addresses*, 1900-1903, by the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C. (Macmillans, 1903).

² Speech in the Free Trade Hall. Manchester, April 3, 1903, as Chairman of the meeting to celebrate the Jubilee of the Manchester Public Library.

slowly followed. The Act passed in 1850. It is not easy to ascertain the exact figures, but by

1870 about	50	places	had	adopted	the	Act.
1880	„	100	„	„	„	„
1890	„	200	„	„	„	„
Now	„	450	„	have	„	„

No one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better for it; happier and better, not merely for the moment, but the memory remains with us—stores of bright and beautiful thoughts which we can call up when we will. “The ink of the student,” says an Arab proverb, “is as precious as the blood of the martyr.” . . .

It is indeed most important that those who use a library should use it wisely. Do we make the most of our opportunities? It is a great mistake to imagine that every one knows how to read. On the contrary, I should say that few do so. Two things have to be considered: how to read and what to read.

Every one thinks he knows how to read and write. This is, I believe, quite a delusion. I will not enter into the eccentricities of handwriting, but as to reading there seem to be two very common mistakes. The first is that many people seem to think that they will get the greatest enjoyment from reading by reading that which they enjoy most. That this is quite a fallacy can, I think, easily be shown.

Suppose—and I think this rather an extreme case—that a story-book is five times as entertaining as, let us say, a history. For the first day there is no doubt a considerable balance in favour of the story, but in six months the balance will be turned, and will soon be heavily in

favour of the history. I am here, moreover, speaking merely of the pleasure, without considering the solid advantages.

A second error is to suppose that a real reader can be passive. Passive reading, however, is of very little use. It is not enough to run the eyes mechanically over the lines, to recognise the words, and to turn over the leaves. We must exercise the reason and the imagination; endeavour to call up the scenes depicted, to realise the characters described, to picture them in the gallery of the imagination. Thus only can we do justice to a really good book.

Among all the great discoveries of the nineteenth century, one of the greatest was the importance of education. Even so wise and good a man as Dr. Johnson was afraid that if every one learnt to read there would be no one willing to do the manual work of the world. He did not realise the dignity and interest of labour.

An appreciation of literature is now more general, but the wisest of men have always fully recognised its value.

“Happy,” said Solomon—

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding ·
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise
of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies :
And all the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand ;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

“Of all treasures,” says the *Hitopodesa*, another great

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Eastern authority, "knowledge is the most precious, for it cannot be stolen, given away, nor consumed."

"Education," said Plato, "is the fairest thing that the best of men can ever have." Coming to our own country, Shakespeare tells us that

Ignorance is the curse of God ;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

In the words of an old English song—

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in doore or out ;
With the grene leaves whispering overhead,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old ;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.¹

"When I look back," said the late Sir J. Fitch, "on my own life, and think on the long-past school and college days, I know well that there is not a fact in history, not a formula in mathematics, not a rule in grammar, not a sweet and pleasant verse of poetry, not a truth in science which I ever learned, which has not come to me over and over again in the most unexpected ways, and proved to be of greater use than I could ever have believed. It has helped me to understand better the books I read, the history of events which are occurring round me, and to make the whole outlook of life larger and more interesting."

If people understood better the art of reading—what to read and how to read—their lives would be much happier, brighter, and more useful. We cannot be too thankful for the blessing of books. Lamb remarked that we say

¹ Ascham.

grace before dinner, but he thought we ought to do so before beginning a good book.

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little niece, he says, "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

Knowledge lights up the history of the world, and makes it one bright path of progress; it enables us to appreciate the literature of the world; it opens for us the book of Nature, and creates sources of interest wherever we find ourselves.

Let us just consider how much better off we are than our ancestors were in ancient times. In the first place, to say nothing of the advantages of print, how much cheaper books are. For the price of a little beer, or one or two pipes of tobacco, a man can buy as much as he can read in a month; in their day, on the contrary, books were very expensive. Again, while our books are small and handy, theirs were ponderous and immense—very inconvenient either to hold or to read. Even our most learned books are in one sense light reading.

Again, how many of the most interesting books are by modern, many by living, authors.

Books are peculiarly necessary to the working men in our towns. Their life is one of much monotony. The savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game he hunts, their migrations and feeding-grounds; he must know where and how to fish; every month brings him some fresh occupation and some change of food. He must prepare his weapons and build his own house; even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labour and skill. The agricultural labourer turns his hand to many things. He ploughs and sows, mows and reaps. He plants at one season, uses the bill-hook and the axe at another. He looks after the sheep and pigs and cows. To hold the plough, to lay a fence, or tie up a sheaf, is by no means so easy as it looks. It is said of Wordsworth that a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said, "This is master's room, but he studies in the fields." The agricultural labourer learns a great deal in the fields. He knows much more than we give him credit for. It is field-learning, not book-learning, but none the worse for that.

On the other hand, the man who works in a shop or manufactory has a much more monotonous life. He is confined to one process, or, perhaps, even one part of a process, from year's end to year's end. He acquires, no doubt, a skill little short of miraculous, but, on the other hand, very narrow. If he is not himself to become a mere animated machine, he must generally obtain, and in some cases he can only obtain, the necessary variety and interest from the use of books.

There is an Oriental story of two men: one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very

much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read, we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the seashore, and visit the most beautiful and interesting spots on the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

English literature is the birthright of our race. We have produced and are producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast of a better, purer, or nobler literature—richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and we cannot be too thankful for it. It is no exaggeration to say that books endow us with an enchanted palace of bright and happy thoughts. A library has been said to be a true university; it is also a fairyland, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. . . .

Is it not also delightful to think how many happy hours have been, and how many we may safely hope will be, spent within these walls—how much these volumes will have added to the happiness of your homes? A library is a true paradise in which everything is open to us, especially the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for which we are told that our first mother sacrificed all the delights of the Garden of Eden.

You will have no doubt times of sorrow, of suffering, and of anxiety. Even in such cases the treasures on your shelves may do much to relieve, to comfort, and to console. But there is one unnecessary trouble in life from which many suffer much—that of dulness and monotony, and at least I may congratulate you that no one in Manchester need ever be dull.

My Lord Mayor, I congratulate you on your great

libraries, I thank you for the good example set by Manchester to the rest of the country, and I join cordially with you in celebrating the jubilee of your Public Library, and in doing honour to the memory of your distinguished citizens by whom the library was founded.

THE STUDY OF NATURE¹

² THE subject on which I have been asked to address you is "The Study of Nature." This appears to imply that Nature is worth studying. It would indeed almost have seemed as if this was a self-evident proposition. We live in a wonderful and beautiful world, full of interest, and one which it is most important to understand, and dangerous, if not fatal, to misunderstand. . . .

We have all met persons who have taken a university degree, and yet do not understand why the moon appears to change its form, who think that corals are insects, whales fish, and bats birds, who do not realise that England has been over and over again below the sea, and still believe that the world is not more than 6000 years old.

Two great faults in our present system of education are that it is too narrow, and not sufficiently interesting. We cannot all care about grammar, or even about mathematics. Those who love natural science, for instance, find little at school which appeals to them, and even those with literary tastes are surfeited by the monotony of classics; so that comparatively few keep up their studies after leaving school. Thus our system of education too often defeats its own object, and renders odious the very things we wish to make delightful.

Children are inspired with the divine gift of curio-

¹ From *Essays and Addresses*, 1900-1903, by the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C. (Macmillans, 1903).

² A discourse given at the Nature Study Exhibition in London, 1902.

sity—sometimes inconveniently so. They ask more questions than the wisest man can answer, and want to know the why and the wherefore of everything. Their minds are bright, eager, and thirsting for knowledge. We send them to school, and what is too often the result? their intellect is dulled, and their interest is crushed out; they may have learnt much, but they have too often lost what is far more important—the wish to learn. . . .

University authorities seem to consider that the elements of science are in themselves useless. This view appears to depend on a mistaken analogy with language. It is no use to know a little of a number of languages, however well taught, unless indeed one is going into the countries where they are spoken. But it is important to know the rudiments of all sciences, and it is in reality impossible to go far in any one without knowing something of several others. So far as children are concerned, it is a mistake to think of astronomy and physics, geology and biology, as so many separate subjects. For the child, nature is one subject, and the first thing is to lay a broad foundation. We should, as Lord Brougham¹ said, teach our children something of everything, and then, as far as possible, everything of something. Specialisation should not begin before seventeen, or at any rate sixteen.

Everyone would admit that it is a poor thing to be a great ichthyologist or botanist unless a man has some general knowledge of the world he lives in, and the same applies to a mathematician or a classical scholar. Before a child is carried far in any one subject, it should at least be explained to him that our earth is one of several planets, revolving round the sun; that the sun is

¹ 1778–1868.

a star; that the solar system is one of many millions occupying the infinite depths of space; he should be taught the general distribution of land and sea, the continents and oceans, the position of England, and of his own parish; the elements of physics, including the use and construction of the thermometer and barometer; the elements of geology and biology. *Pari passu* with these should be taken arithmetic, some knowledge of language, drawing, which is almost, if not quite, as important as writing, and perhaps music. When a child has thus acquired some general conception of the world in which we live, it will be time to begin specialising and concentrating his attention on a few subjects.

I submit, then, that some study of Nature is an essential part of a complete education; that just as any higher education without mathematics and classics would be incomplete, so without some knowledge of the world we live in, it is also one-sided and unsatisfactory—a half education only.

In the study of natural history, again, we should proceed from the general to the particular. Commence with the characteristics in which animals and plants agree, their general structure, and the necessities of existence. Animals, again, agree together on some points, as regards which they differ from plants.

A general idea should then be given of the principal divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In many respects, though animals are perhaps more interesting, plants present greater facilities for study. They are easier to find, to handle, and to examine. Specimens of the principal divisions can be more readily obtained and studied; the structure also can be more pleasantly demonstrated. Almost all children are born with a love of natural history and of collecting.

Far be it from me to underrate the pleasure and interest of collecting. Such a collection as the present is most useful. Indeed collections are in many branches of nature-knowledge almost a necessary preliminary to study. But a collection is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is like a library, necessary for study, but useless unless studied,—unless the books are read. Moreover, we have all access to the great National Museum. Still, private collections are in many ways useful, but not of course unless they are used. Moreover, if I confine my remarks to natural history, plants lose half their interest when they are gathered, animals when they are killed.

In the streets and toyshops many ingenious puzzles are sold in which children, and even grown-up people, seem to find great interest and amusement. What are they to the puzzles and problems which Nature offers us without charging even a penny? These are innumerable. Take geography and biology alone :—

Why are there mountains in Wales and the Lake district?

What determined the course of the Thames?

Why are the Cotswolds steep on the north-west and with a gentle slope on the north-east?

What are the relations between the North and South Downs?

How did the Thames cut the Goring Gap, and the Medway that through the Chalk ridge?

What is the age of the English Channel?

Why are so many of our Midland meadows thrown into ridges and furrows?

Why is Scotland intersected by lines at right angles?

Why are some Scotch lochs so deep?

Why have beeches triangular seeds and sycamores spherical seeds?

Why are beech leaves oval and pointed, and sycamore leaves palmate?

Why are beech leaves entire and oak leaves cut into rounded bays?

Why has the Spanish chestnut long, sword-shaped leaves?

Why have some willows broad leaves, and others narrow leaves?

Why do some flowers sleep by day and others by night?

Why do flowers sleep at all?

Why have so many flowers five petals, and why are so many tubular?

Why are white and light-yellow flowers so generally sweet scented?

Why are tigers striped, leopards spotted, lions brown, sheep grey, and so many caterpillars green?

Why are some caterpillars so brightly coloured?

Why are fish dark above and pale below?

Why do soles have both eyes on one side?

Why are gulls' eggs more or less pointed and owls' eggs round?

Nature suggests thousands of similar inquiries to those who have eyes to see. Some few we can answer, but the vast majority still remain unexplained.

May I indicate a few subjects of inquiry, confining my suggestions to points which require no elaborate instruments, no appreciable expenditure?

Many people keep pets, but how few study them? Descartes¹ regarded all animals as unconscious automata; Huxley thought the matter doubtful; my own experiments and observations have led me to the conclusion that they have glimmerings of reason, but the subject is still obscure. I have often been told that dogs are as intelligent as human beings, but when I have asked

whether any dogs yet realised that 2 and 2 make 4, the answer is doubtful. The whole question of the consciousness and intelligence of animals requires careful study.

Take again the life-history of animals. There is scarcely one which is fully known to us. Really I might say not one, for some of the most interesting discoveries of recent years have been made in respect to some of our commonest animals.

Coming now to plants. Any one who has given a thought to the subject will admit how many problems are opened up by flowers. But leaves and seeds are almost equally interesting. There is a reason for everything in this world, and there must be some cause for the different forms of leaves. In Ruskin's vivid words, "they take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated, in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths, endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never the same from foot-stalk to blossom, they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness and take delight in outstepping our wonder."

Some of these indeed have been explained, but for the differences in the leaves of ferns, for instance, seaweeds, and many others, no satisfactory suggestion, so far as I know, has yet been offered.

Look again at fruits and seeds, what beauty both of form and colour, and what infinite variety! Even in nearly allied species, in our common wild geraniums, veronicas, forget-me-nots, etc., no two species have seeds which are identical in size, form, or texture of surface. In fact, the problems which every field and wood, every common and hedgerow, every pond and stream, offer us are endless and most interesting.

But the scientific and intellectual interests are only a part of the charm of Nature.

The æsthetic advantages are inestimable. How much our life owes to the beauty of flowers!

Flowers, says Ruskin, "seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace." But in the crowded streets, or even in the formal garden, flowers always seem, to me at least, as if they were pining for the freedom of the woods and fields, where they can live and grow as they list.

In times of trouble or anxiety the lover of trees will feel with Tennyson that

The woods were filled so full of song
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

I feel with Jefferies¹ that, "by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought."

The open air is not a cure for the body only, but for the mind also.

We seem to be on the threshold of great discoveries.

There is no single substance in Nature the properties of which are fully known to us. There is no animal or plant which would not well repay, I do not say merely the attention of an hour, but even the devotion of a life-

¹ Richard Jefferies, 1848-1887.

time. I often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-countrymen lose from their ignorance of science. Man, we know, is born to sorrow and suffering, but he is not born to be dull, and no one with any knowledge of science could ever be. If any one is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest for those who have eyes to see. No one would sit and drink in a public-house, if he knew how delightful it was to sit and think in a field; no one would seek excitement in gambling and betting, if he knew how much more interesting science is; that science never ruined any one, but is a sort of fairy godmother ready to shower on us all manner of good gifts if we will only let her. In mediæval fairy tales the nature spirits occasionally fell in love with some peculiarly attractive mortals, and endowed their favourites with splendid presents. But Nature will do all this, and more, for any one who loves her.

If any one, says Seneca,¹ "gave you a few acres, you would say that you had received a benefit; can you deny that the boundless extent of the earth is a benefit? If a house were given to you, bright with marble, its roof beautifully painted with colours and gilding, you would call it no small benefit. God has built for you a mansion that fears no fire or ruin . . . covered with a roof which glitters in one fashion by day, and in another by night. Whence comes the breath which you draw? the light by which you perform the actions of your life? the blood by which your life is maintained? the meat by which your hunger is appeased? . . . The true God has planted not a few oxen, but all the herds on their pastures through the world, and furnished food to all the flocks; He has ordained the alternation of summer

¹ 3 B.C.-65 A.D.

and winter. . . . He has invented so many arts and varieties of voice, so many notes to make music. . . . We have implanted in us the seeds of all ages, of all arts; and God our Master brings forth our intellects from obscurity."

Lastly, in the troubles and sorrows of life science will do much to soothe, comfort, and console. If we contemplate the immeasurable lapse of time indicated by geology, the almost infinitely small, and quite infinitely complex and beautiful structures rendered visible by the microscope, or the depths of space revealed by the telescope, we cannot but be carried out of ourselves.

A man, said Seneca, "can hardly lift up his eyes towards the heavens without wonder and veneration to see so many millions of radiant lights, and to observe their courses and revolutions." The stars, indeed, if we study them, will not only guide us over the wide waters of the ocean, but what is even more important, light us through the dark hours which all must expect. The study of Nature indeed is not only most important from a practical and material point of view, and not only most interesting, but will also do much to lift us above the petty troubles and help us to bear the greater sorrows of life.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR
JAMES BALFOUR¹

THE PRESS

FOR, after all, the connections in these modern days of democracy between Parliamentary government and the Press are so close and so intimate that though they have never been embodied in an Act of Parliament, though they find no place in the book of precedents or of Parliamentary custom, yet the connection is so close that perhaps the most important wheel of the political machine at the present moment is that which is supplied by the Newspaper Press of this country. I do not profess to say whether our present form of government is the best possible. Engineers, I believe, estimate the efficiency of a machine by comparing the proportion of the total energy used by the machine in external work with that which is used in internal friction. On that system of valuation I frankly admit that I do not think we are a very effective political machine, for it appears to me that the amount of internal friction is certainly out of all proportion to the amount of external work which the circumstances of our position enable us to do.

I do not know that we ought too rigidly to apply these

¹ From *Arthur James Balfour*, by Wilfrid M. Short (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 1912).

mechanical parallels to political institutions. I, at all events, do not mean to quarrel with the institutions under which I live. I was born into the world about the middle of this century, and I mean to make the best of the period in which my lot is cast. I am certainly not going to say, either here or elsewhere, that I believe that the system of government by debate under which we live is not a system which can produce admirably fruitful results to the community at large. I confess that the burden thrown upon the individual is considerable, and that probably there are many gentlemen actively engaged in political work who would desire to see some kind of trades union, or agreement at all events let us call it, between the two sides in politics that for some months in each year—let us say six months of each year—there should be some abstention from political recrimination. I, at all events, so far as I am concerned, would gladly go into what I think in another sphere is called a retreat, and meditate over my own political sins, provided it were possible for me by such a proceeding to escape the necessity of commenting in public upon the political sins of my opponents. However, I see no sign of such a consummation at the present moment; on the contrary, the appetite for oratory in the public at large, like the appetite for newspapers with which it is closely connected, appears to be absolutely incapable of satisfaction [1892.]

The Press of England has made such progress during the last two or three generations that every citizen of the Empire may well be proud of it as a mere example—if only as a mere example—of the intelligence, enterprise, and skill of her citizens. We habitually boast of the extension of our railway, our postal and telegraph system, as great undertakings which render the complex

work of modern society possible ; but we ought to add, and we must add, the Newspaper Press, as an agent of communicating news—in its capacity of disseminating news, in its capacity as a great instrument for bringing into communication different classes of the community, as an advertising agent, which is, after all, of the first importance to any civilised society, inasmuch as it brings together those who have something to sell and those who have something to buy: in all these ways the Press of the country fulfils the function entrusted to them as, I believe, the Press of no other country can boast of doing.

Some gentleman laughed when I mentioned advertising. Well, I think I shall have a word to say about advertising directly. I will only now mention it under this broad connection, because, in my judgment, the foreign correspondence, the Parliamentary report, and all the other machinery of communicating news to the public, really are not of more importance to the community than the power of communicating by advertisement, of bringing the buyer and seller together, and giving them some machinery for communicating their wishes one to another.

The thing that interests me most in the modern development of the Press is a point which I have seldom seen taken, but which is nevertheless of profound significance, so far as my judgment goes, in estimating the importance of the Press as a great social organism. We habitually assume what is, no doubt, the fact that a newspaper must necessarily be both a means of communicating news, and a means of promoting particular kinds of opinion. There is really no necessary connection between the two. It is a fact, no doubt, that every newspaper which communicates news also has its leading articles, in

which it propagates certain opinions, gives effect to certain criticisms, and does its best to promote the growth of a certain class of public sentiment: but there is no necessary connection between those two functions, though both are undertaken by the Newspaper Press; and it has always struck me as most singular, looked at from a purely abstract and philosophic point of view, that, as a matter of fact, the functions of a newspaper as a means of communicating news give it a power of supporting particular opinions wholly different, wholly alien, as it were, to the popularity of those particular opinions or to the number of the public who desire to see those particular opinions expressed.

I do not, of course, at all mean that in the long run it is not necessary for every newspaper, by its leading articles, by the general opinions which it expresses and enforces, to gain the favour of the particular class to whom it appeals; but everybody knows that a newspaper may gain such a position as an organ for disseminating news that on the basis of its purely commercial success it may advocate and promote for a period almost any opinions which it chooses. In a different sphere we call that an endowment. It is practically an endowment of a particular political or religious or social party, and the peculiarity of it is that those who are called upon to endow it have no notion of what they are doing, and very often strongly object to what is being done.

I am addressing a Society which represents all newspapers, but which probably more represents the great Provincial Press of this country than it does the London Press. At all events, in its historic origin it did so, and it does so still. I remember a long time ago—it is within my memory—that a great provincial newspaper

advocated, in its capacity as a guide to public opinion, sentiments which were not at all congenial to the great mass of the persons who advertised in its columns, and it occurred to them to try, by advertising in some other newspapers, with less circulation, to bring this particular newspaper to its knees, as it were. They totally failed in their attempt. It was discovered that this species of "boycotting"—to use a modern phrase—really would not stand against the individual interest of the advertiser, and the result was that a great community, by the mere fact that a newspaper got hold of a certain public and a certain circulation, were compelled, against their will, to subsidise opinions from which they profoundly dissented. I believe that a not very dissimilar case has happened recently in connection with a very interesting and important social problem—I mean the problem of publishing betting and gambling. There have been newspapers which have written very strongly upon that subject in their capacity as guides to public opinion, while in their capacity of purveyors of news they very properly, in my opinion, gave the odds on all the races. And what was the result? The result was that people who wanted to know the odds bought the paper, and by so doing subsidised or endowed the propaganda of the very opinions from which they most profoundly dissented.

Just conceive what some visitant from another planet, ignorant of the history of the Press, ignorant, let us say, of the general principles on which we regulate, and properly regulate, our social life, would say to such a state of things. He would say, "What are we to think of a community which deliberately permits an arrangement by which those are taxed to endow certain opinions who dissent from the opinions in almost everything?" I think he would justly say that a more remarkable

contrivance never had been devised by any intelligent being. Of course, we all know that this is a question which has grown up by a natural process; and by a process so natural that no human being would think of interfering: but when I hear of the freedom of the Press, so ably eulogised by Sir Evelyn Wood, I cannot help thinking that, though by our laws we permit, and rightly permit, wisdom to cry in the market-place where she chooses, I do not think that anybody will regard her unless she is properly supplemented by a large advertisement sheet, and by very carefully compiled columns of news agreeable to the public which has to buy the paper.

I have dwelt upon this peculiarity of our modern journalism because the very circumstance that it has grown up naturally conceals how very singular it is. The growth itself has happened by a process so obvious that we are not lost in any surprise or admiration at the strange results ultimately arrived at; and the question that forces itself upon us is: if we have amongst us these great endowed corporations, which practically have it in their power to promote, irrespective of almost all public opinion, what views they choose to take on public policy, do we not run some danger that powers so great may be abused? I think that if this question had been put *a priori*, and without experience to my imaginary visitant from Saturn, he would have said there would be such a chance. I do not think, however, that if he had been accustomed to our system in its actual working, he would have thought that would be the case.

Great as is the power of newspapers, I do not think anybody could say that it is to an important extent abused. They practically, being themselves the critics,

are almost above criticism; and yet, though probably every public man feels that occasionally he receives an undeserved castigation from some important members of that great body, I do not think that any person would maintain that, as a whole, the immense and irresponsible powers of the English Press are abused for any base purpose whatever.

I do not think that this assembly would like me to dwell upon the superiority, upon the qualities in which I think we are distinguished for the better from the Press of other countries; but at all events we may, I think, justly boast and say of ourselves that, in the first place, the Press is absolutely independent of any Government influence or control. We may say of ourselves, in the second place, that any form of blackmailing—I allude to the darkest vices which have been alleged against the Press in certain parts of the civilised world—is absolutely unknown. And I think we may say, in the third place, that though, of course, a Radical politician does not expect flowery eulogies from a Unionist Press, no more than a Unionist politician expects to be photographed in the public interest in the best light by a Radical Press, still the Press, with all its power, never directs that power against individuals—that no individual's career has ever been ruined or crushed by a flagitious use of the great influence which the Press possesses; that on the whole, every side of every question does, in the long run, get a fair hearing through the medium of the great organisation which you represent; and that public opinion, though it may err for a moment, though it may wave backwards and forwards with the natural swing to which all public opinions are subjected, is nevertheless, on the whole, well served by those great mediums of information, those great organs of

propaganda, of which you, gentlemen, are the representatives. . . . [1895.]

I do not think it would be proper that I should terminate a speech of thanks in reply to this toast without saying, on behalf of all the members of the House of Commons present and absent, how much we recognise what we owe to those who watch and report our proceedings. There may be some kind of collision of interest. The man who did more than any one else to promote Parliamentary reporting about a hundred years ago is said to have summarised his opinion in this short sentence: "The members of the House of Commons never thought the report of their speeches too long, and the public never thought them too short." There is, no doubt, that perennial difference of opinion between the makers of speeches and those who first report and then print them. Nevertheless, although reporting is contrary to all the standing orders of the House, and is a gross breach¹ of our privileges, it must be admitted that the reporting has been, and is, admirably done in this country. In the first place, it is, as far as I know, absolutely impartial. I do not say that of the accounts of the debates. I think if you compare the general conspectus, the general picture of a debate drawn in one journal with that in another of a different political complexion, you will probably find some difficulty in reconciling conflicting views. But the reporting of what is actually said is, I believe, absolutely impartial and excellent.

Moreover, most of us who have to make speeches—and I am told that, judged by the number of columns,

¹ *i.e.* technically.

I make more speeches than anybody else in the House of Commons—suspect that the speaker owes more to the reporter than, perhaps, we are always prepared to admit. I do not go to the length of saying that all the good things are put into a speech which the speaker never uttered, though that has been done. Lord Brougham is said to have republished a speech of his into which the reporter had put a good many quotations from Cicero. I give public notice that if any speech of mine appears with Latin quotations in it those quotations are due to the reporter, and are not due to me. At all events, the classic languages apart, we all of us owe to the kind attention of the reporter the excision of many superfluities—not always, perhaps, regarded as superfluities by the orator, the correction of many gross errors of grammar, and an improvement of our oratory which we may be reluctant to admit, but which is nevertheless there. [1908.]

Above all, let nobody suppose that I do not recognise to the full the function of the Imperial Press in promoting that mutual comprehension which is the basis of mutual esteem between different parts of the Empire.

There is always a difficulty in different sections of one great community fully understanding, fully sympathising with, and being always fair to other and different parts. I have heard it said that many gentlemen who come from Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand, or the Cape, are sometimes pained by the ignorance shown by dwellers in this part of the Empire with regard to even the largest of their domestic interests. They need not be pained that ignorance is to be found within these small islands, and you will find illustrations of it as regards centres of population no further distant than would occupy you in

reaching them two or three or half a dozen hours in a railway carriage. Let us remember that busy men, moving in the narrow circle of their own personal affairs, do not always find it easy sympathetically to grasp or thoroughly to understand the affairs of even their closest friends and neighbours in other parts of the same great community. That ignorance is perhaps greater at this moment in these islands of the Colonies than it is in the Colonies of these islands; but that is not going to be permanently the case. Every year the number of our countrymen who are born in other portions of the Empire is relatively increasing, and the time will certainly come when, unless trouble be taken to break down these artificial barriers, it will be as difficult for a Canadian or an Australian to understand and imaginatively to grasp the constitution and even the external appearance of these islands, the cradle of their race and the origin of their constitution, as it is for some of us to understand the condition of settlers in a new country with all the vast future which a new country opens out to its inhabitants.

If that be the present difficulty, and if it be a difficulty which time is likely to augment rather than to diminish, to what instruments can we look to check what every one must admit would be, if left unchecked, a great evil and a great danger to the Empire? We are all of us parochial by instinct. It is natural to concentrate your mind upon the immediate controversy in which you yourselves and your own interests are obviously mainly concerned. But unless we can inculcate successfully among the great bulk of our population, wherever it may be found, that imaginative, sympathetic insight based upon knowledge, which is the only solid bond of unity—unless we can do that, we shall certainly deprive

ourselves of one of the greatest of all bonds that can unite scattered peoples into one organic whole. And it is to carry out the end that I thus indicate that I look above all things to the labours of the Press. They can do it as no other force can do it. . . . [1909.]

TRIBUTES TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN
VICTORIA AND HIS MAJESTY
KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

THE history of this House is not a brief or an uneventful one, but I think it has never met in sadder circumstances than to-day, or had the melancholy duty laid more clearly upon it of expressing a universal sorrow—a sorrow extending from one end of the Empire to the other, a sorrow which fills every heart and which every citizen feels, not merely as a national, but also as a personal loss. I do not know how it may seem to others, but, for my own part, I can hardly yet realise the magnitude of the blow which has fallen upon the country—a blow, indeed, sorrowfully expected, but not, on that account, less heavy when it falls. I suppose that, in all the history of the British Monarchy, there never has been a case in which the feeling of national grief was so deep-seated as it is at present, so universal, so spontaneous. And that grief affects us not merely because we have lost a great personality, but because we feel that the end of a great epoch has come upon us—an epoch the beginning of which stretches beyond the memory, I suppose, of any individual whom I am now addressing, and which embraces with its compass sixty-three years, more important, more crowded with epoch-making change, than almost any other period of

like length that could be selected in the history of the world. It is wonderful to reflect that, before these great changes, now familiar and almost vulgarised by constant discussion, were thought of or developed—great industrial inventions, great economic changes, great discoveries in science, which are now in all men's mouths—Queen Victoria reigned over this Empire. Yet, Sir,¹ it is not this reflection, striking though it be, which now moves us most deeply. It is not simply the length of the reign, it is not simply the magnitude of the events with which that reign is filled, which have produced the deep and abiding emotion which stirs every heart throughout this kingdom. The reign of Queen Victoria is no mere chronological landmark. It is no mere convenient division of time, useful to the historian or the chronicler. No, Sir, we feel as we do feel for our great loss because we intimately associate the personality of Queen Victoria with the great succession of events which have filled her reign, with the growth, moral and material, of the Empire over which she ruled. And, in so doing, surely we do well. In my judgment, the importance of the Crown in our Constitution is not a diminishing, but an increasing factor. It increases, and must increase with the development of those free, self-governing communities, those new commonwealths beyond the sea, who are constitutionally linked to us through the person of the Sovereign, the living symbol of Imperial unity. But, Sir, it is not given, it cannot, in ordinary course, be given to a constitutional Monarch to signalise his reign by any great isolated action. His influence, great as it may be, can only be produced by the slow, constant, and cumulative results of a great ideal and a great example; and in presenting effectively that great ideal and that

¹ The Speaker of the House of Commons.

great example to her people, Queen Victoria surely was the first of all constitutional Monarchs whom the world has yet seen. Where shall we find any ideal so lofty in itself, so constantly and consistently maintained, through two generations, through more than two generations, of her subjects, through many generations of her Ministers and public men?

Sir, it would be almost impertinent for me were I to attempt to express to the House in words the effect which the character of our late Sovereign produced upon all who were in any degree, however remote, brought in contact with her. In the simple dignity, befitting a Monarch of this realm, she could never fail, because it arose from her inherent sense of the fitness of things. And because it was no artificial ornament of office, because it was natural and inevitable, this queenly dignity only served to throw into a stronger relief, into a brighter light, those admirable virtues of the wife, the mother, and the woman, with which she was so richly endowed. Those kindly graces, those admirable qualities, have endeared her to every class in the community, and are known to all. Perhaps less known was the life of continuous labour which her position as Queen threw upon her. Short as was the interval between the last trembling signature affixed to a public document and the final and perfect rest, it was yet long enough to clog and hamper the wheels of administration; and when I saw the accumulating mass of untouched documents which awaited the attention of the Sovereign, I marvelled at the unostentatious patience which for sixty-three years, through sorrow, through suffering, in moments of weariness, in moments of despondency, had enabled her to carry on without break or pause her share in the government of this great Empire. For her there was

no holiday, to her there was no intermission of toil. Domestic sorrow, domestic sickness, made no difference in her labours, and they were continued from the hour at which she became our Sovereign to within a few days—I had almost said a few hours—of her death. It is easy to chronicle the growth of the Empire, the course of discovery, the progress of trade, the triumphs of war, all the events that make history interesting or exciting; but who is there that will dare to weigh in the balance the effect which such an example, continued over sixty-three years, has produced on the highest life of her people?

It was a great life, and surely it had a happy ending. She found her reward in the undying affection and the passionate devotion of all her subjects, wheresoever their lot might be cast. This has not always been the fate of her ancestors. It has not been the fate of some of the greatest among them. It has been their less happy destiny to outlive contemporary fame, to see their people's love grow cold, to find new generations growing up who know them not, and burdens to be lifted too heavy for their aged arms. Their sun, once so bright, has set amid darkening clouds and the muttering of threatening tempests. Such was not the lot of Queen Victoria. She passed away with her children and her children's children, to the third generation, around her, beloved and cherished of all. She passed away without, I well believe, a single enemy in the world—for even those who loved not England loved her; and she passed away not only knowing that she was—I had almost said adored by her people, but that their feelings towards her had grown in depth and intensity with every year in which she was spared to rule over them. No such reign, no such ending, can the history of this country show us.

Mr. Speaker, the Message from the King which you

have read from the Chair calls forth, according to the immemorial usage of this House, a double response. We condole with His Majesty upon the irreparable loss which he and the country have sustained. We congratulate him upon his accession to the ancient dignities of his House. I suppose at this moment there is no sadder heart in this kingdom than that of its Sovereign; and it may seem, therefore, to savour of bitter irony that we should offer him on such a melancholy occasion the congratulations of his people. Yet, Sir, it is not so. Each generation must bear its own burdens; and in the course of nature it is right that the burden of Monarchy shall fall upon the heir to the Throne. He is therefore to be congratulated, as every man is to be congratulated, who, in obedience to plain duty, takes upon himself the weight of great responsibilities, filled with the earnest hope of worthily fulfilling his task to the end, or, in his own words, "while life shall last." It is for us on this occasion, so momentous in the history of the Monarchy, so momentous in the history of the King, to express to him our unfailing confidence that the great interests committed to his charge are safe in his keeping, to assure him of the ungrudging support which his loyal subjects are ever prepared to give him, to wish him honour, to wish him long life, to wish him the greatest of all blessings, the blessings of reigning over a happy and contented people, and to wish, above all, that his reign may, in the eyes of an envious posterity, fitly compare with that great epoch which has just drawn to a close. Mr. Speaker, I now beg to read the Address which I shall ask you to put from the Chair, and to which I shall ask the House to assent. I move—

“That a humble Address be presented to His Majesty, to assure His Majesty that this House deeply sympathises in the great sorrow which His Majesty has sustained by

the death of our beloved Sovereign, the late Queen, whose unfailing devotion to the duties of Her high estate and to the welfare of Her people will ever cause Her reign to be remembered with reverence and affection; to submit to His Majesty our respectful congratulations on His Accession to the Throne; to assure His Majesty of our loyal attachment to His person; and further to assure Him of our earnest conviction that His reign will be distinguished under the blessing of Providence by an anxious desire to maintain the Laws of the Kingdom, and to promote the happiness and liberty of His subjects." [1901.]

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

Twice in ten years we have been assembled on the saddest and most moving occasion which can call the representatives of the Commons together. I do not think anything which any of us can remember can exceed in its pathos the sudden grief which has befallen the whole of the community within these islands and the whole of the Empire of which these islands are the centre, and which has found an echo in every civilised nation in the world. I do not think that the deep feelings which move us all are accounted for merely by our sense of the great public loss which this nation has sustained, nor of the tragic circumstances by which that great loss has been accompanied. There are far deeper feelings moved in us all than any based merely upon the careful weighing of public gains and public losses, for all of us feel that we have lost one who loved us, and who desired to serve the people whom we represent; and we have lost one with regard to whom we separately and individually feel a personal affection, in addition to our respectful loyalty.

I have often wondered at the depth of the personal feeling of affection and devotion which it is possible for a Sovereign, circumstanced as our Sovereigns are, to excite among those over whom they reign.

It is easy for those who, like the Prime Minister and myself and many others, have been brought into personal contact with the late King, to appreciate his kindliness, his readiness to understand the difficulties of those who were endeavouring to serve him, the unfailing tact and all the admirable qualities which the Prime Minister has so eloquently described. But, Sir, when I ask myself who of the great community over which King Edward ruled could feel as those felt who were brought into immediate contact with him, then I say it is due, and can only be due, to some incommunicable and unanalysable power of genius which enabled the King, by the perfect simplicity of his personality, to make all men love him and understand him.

Sir, genius keeps its counsels,¹ and I think no mere attempt of analysing character, no weighing of merits, no attempt to catalogue great gifts really touches the root of that great secret which made King Edward one of the most beloved monarchs that ever ruled over this great Empire. This power of communicating with all mankind, this power of bringing them into sympathy is surely the most kingly of all qualities, the one most valuable in a Sovereign. The duties of kingship are not becoming easier as time goes on, while, as I think, they are also becoming, under the conditions of modern Empire, even more necessary to the health, and even to the existence, of the State. The King has few or none of the powers of explaining and communicating himself by ordinary channels to those over whom he rules. In these demo-

¹ Secret.

cratic days we all of us spend our lives in explaining. The King cannot; he has no opportunity such as we possess of laying his views before the judgment seat of public opinion. And, Sir, while those are difficulties which nobody who thinks over them will be inclined to undervalue, I think it is becoming more and more apparent to everybody who considers the circumstances of this great Empire, that our Sovereign, the Monarch of this country, is one of its most valued possessions. For what are we in these islands? We are part of an Empire which in one Continent is the heir of great Oriental monarchies, in other Continents is one of a brotherhood of democracies; and of this strangely-compacted whole the Sovereign, the hereditary Sovereign of Great Britain, is the embodiment, and the only embodiment of Imperial unity. He it is to whom all eyes from across the ocean look as the embodiment of their Imperial ideal, while we, the politicians of the hour, are but dim and shadowy figures to our fellow-subjects in other lands. While they but half-understand our controversies, and but imperfectly appreciate or realise our characteristics, the Monarch, the Constitutional Monarch, of this great Empire is the sign and symbol that we are all united together as one Empire to carry out great and common interests. The burden, therefore, which is thrown upon the Sovereign, could never have been foreseen by our forefathers before this Empire came into being, and I think that even we ourselves at this very moment, and at this late state of Imperial development, are only half beginning to understand its vital importance. Sir, if I am right in what I have said (and I think I am), these marvellous gifts which King Edward possessed, are, as I have said, the great kingly qualities which we most desire to see in our Monarch; and he used them to the utmost and to the

full, as the Prime Minister has told us, and they had their effect not merely among his subjects wherever they might dwell, but also among people belonging to other nations, our neighbours—happily our friends—in other countries.

Sir, there have been, I think, strange misunderstandings with regard to the relation of the great King who has just departed, with the administration of our foreign affairs. There are people who suppose he took upon himself duties commonly left to his servants, and that when the secrets of diplomacy are revealed to the historian it will be found that he took a part not known, but half-suspected, in the transactions of his reign. Sir, that is to belittle the King; it is not to pay him the tribute which in this connection he so greatly deserves. We must not think of him as a dexterous diplomatist—he was a great Monarch; and it was because he was able naturally, simply through the incommunicable gift of personality, to make all feel, to embody for all men, the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in the bringing together of nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they kings, or be they subjects, to accomplish. He did what no Minister, no Cabinet, no Ambassadors, neither treaties, nor protocols, nor understandings, no debates, no banquets, and no speeches were able to perform. He, by his personality, and by his personality alone, brought home to the minds of millions on the Continent, as nothing we could have done would have brought home to them, the friendly feeling of the country over which King Edward ruled. He has gone. He has gone in the plenitude of his powers, in the noontide of his popularity, in the ripeness of his experience. He has gone, but he will never be absent either from the memory or the affections of

those who were his subjects. He has gone, but the Empire remains; and the burden which he so nobly bore now falls to another to sustain.

It is right that we at the beginning of the reign, conscious of what the labours, difficulties, and responsibilities of a Constitutional Monarch are, it is right that we should go forward, and, in words such as those which have been read from the Chair, assure King George of that loyal support and affection which we and the nation whom we represent unvaryingly gave to his father, and which will still most assuredly not be withheld from him. He brings to the great task which has thus been unexpectedly thrust upon him the greatest of all qualities—the qualities of deep-rooted patriotism and love for that Empire of which he is called upon to be the head, and the earnest desire he has constantly shown to do his duty. These are virtues which neither the country nor the House will be slow to appreciate. We may look forward in his person to finding again that great exemplar of constitutional monarchy of which his two great predecessors have given such illustrious examples.

The Prime Minister has referred to another Resolution which you, Sir, have not yet put, and which touches on a matter almost too sacred for public speech, but, our hearts are so full of deep sympathy for the bereaved lady, the Queen-Mother, that we cannot withhold some public form of expression of it on an occasion like the present. The Queen-Mother has been adored by the people of this country ever since she came¹ amongst us. She was adored by them in the heyday of youth and prosperity, and she may be well assured that in these days of adversity the affection and respect of the people of this country will gain rather than diminish in strength. We

¹ From Denmark, in 1863.

are surely right in laying before her a tribute of our deep sympathy. We know, or we can guess, how much she has felt. We know how irremediable is her grief, and in that grief she will ever have the warmest sympathy and affection both of this House and of those whom this House represents. . . . [1910.]

MRS ANNIE BESANT

INDIVIDUALITY¹

². . . WHEN we find appearing amongst us to-day, as we do find, efforts to diminish competition and to increase co-operation, efforts to help the weaker and the degraded and the ignorant, we see the dawning of that nobler ideal, we see the possibility of humanity evolving on to a higher plane. But in recognising it, we are able to trace a force which is at work to bring about that effect in society; and it is the force that lives in the family, in the training that individuals are there receiving, which I spoke of as being in its tendency antagonistic to the social training which they are receiving outside the home; for whereas outside they are still continually competing, in the family they are continually sharing; whereas in the outer society each man is fighting for himself, within his family he is constantly yielding that which he has gained for the helping of its weakest members. And more and more we see that in the family a common interest is recognised, that it is no longer a question of each member earning for himself and spend-

¹ From *Essays and Addresses*, vol. i., "Psychology," by Annie Besant (The Theosophical Publishing Society; Madras, The Theosophist Office, 1911).

² A Lecture delivered on Thursday, July 21, 1898, to the Blavatsky Lodge, London.

ing for himself and living for himself, but that the idea is there definitely recognised, and even taken for granted, that the older and the stronger and the cleverer are those who ought to bear the family burden, and share whatever advantages their higher capacities may bring them with those whose less developed powers render them less capable of making their own way in the world. So that in the life of the home and in the training of the family the individual is gradually being subjected to these unifying influences.

But at once the thought will arise in the minds of some: "Yes, but this is only after all what is sometimes called a wider selfishness; it is quite true that within the family circle you may find this unselfishness and this willingness on the part of the elder, say, to work for the younger and to deny themselves in order that the younger may have a greater share; but after all that is only an extension of the selfishness which fought for the individual to the selfishness which fights for the family. Supposing the man, his wife and his family make another unit, that unit asserts itself against all the other family units and competes with them, although within the limits of the family the struggle may have passed into the nobler life of self-sacrifice and common service."

That of course is true. But there is no way of growth save by this slowly widening process; there is no way of rising save by treading the rungs of the ladder one by one; and although it is perfectly true that selfishness does play a very large part within this circle of the family, regarded as in opposition to all other families in the struggle for existence, none the less is it true that that wider selfishness is a step upwards, and that something is gained when the indi-

vidual is not struggling merely for himself, but also for the little group of individuals linked to him by ties of kinship, of love, and of duty.

And this brings me to the next principle of evolution that we must recognise if we would grow in reality, instead of wasting all our time in thinking how beautiful growth is and how much we should like to carry it on, and it is this: that we cannot do everything at once but can only rise step by step, that we cannot leap from the state of the sinner to the state of the saint by a single spring, and that we must learn to use even our vices as steps, and gradually to evolve first the lower virtues, and then to use those as stepping-stones to the higher, and the higher as stepping-stones to the highest. To put that abstract statement into more concrete form, it means this: that instead of struggling after some object which gives us satisfaction in the lower part of our nature, we gradually conquer that longing by striving after the satisfaction of a higher stratum in our nature. For instance, if we find that we take great pleasure in the gratification of the lower senses, we shall not try to fight tremendously against that gratification when the opportunity presents itself, but shall rather try to make it lose its attraction by bringing forward a higher gratification, such as giving pleasure to one whom we love.

Suppose, for instance, that a man is addicted to the vice of gluttony, and realises that if he gives way to that vice his wife and family will go short of some of the necessities or the comforts of life; that man may be fighting vigorously against his fellow-men, he may even sometimes be unscrupulous in the method of his fighting as he tries to gain advantages for himself and those who belong to him; but if within the circle of his family he

begins to check the vice of gluttony, by giving up something even for the narrow and really selfish love for his wife, a love based on his passion for her, on the satisfaction that he gains by her company and by the help of her life in the home, even then the man has made a step upwards.

Certainly he is not yet particularly virtuous, but inasmuch as he has given up something that gave him a purely personal and selfish gratification for the sake of giving more comfort to one whom he recognises as having claims upon him, to whom he gives even a lower form of love, that man has made one step upwards in evolution; he has evolved a virtue, even though it be of a comparatively low kind, and has killed a vice in that evolving. True, he will find personal gratification in the pleasure that he gives to wife or child; he will find satisfaction to his emotional nature in seeing the pleasure that he has given; but we ought not therefore to denounce the man as selfish and to discourage him by telling him that he is only showing another phase of selfishness, because for him it is a comparatively unselfish action, and so is building up a higher stage in his nature, even although presently he will outgrow that also and reach a nobler and a more unselfish love. . . .

We may trace the growth and evolution of the man by the nature of the object that exercises this attractive power, and while it is still the separated self that is moved into activity by that which attracts it, none the less is evolution clearly marked if the nature of that attractive object is steadily rising in the scale of being. Consider, for instance, what is a very common motive amongst us—the desire to know. We desire to learn, to gain knowledge of various kinds,

and this in order that we may become more highly trained, more highly evolved and developed. That motive to gain knowledge for oneself is an exceedingly powerful motive in evolution and an exceedingly useful one. By virtue of that motive men and women at the present time are dominating their animal nature, are learning to conquer their lower passions, are learning to live frugal, careful, and abstemious lives. There is many a young man and young woman at the present time in this city and in our own society, who has to choose between a gratification for the body and some advantage that he may gain for the mind—to choose, say, between a costlier dinner and the buying of a book. Now it is perfectly true that in the buying of that book he may be moved by the selfish desire to possess, but it is a thousand times better for his evolution that he should be moved by the desire to gain the book and should spend his money on it, than that he should waste the money on the passing gratification of the physical body. And inasmuch as that desire for knowledge will teach him temperance and self-restraint, will keep him back from indulgence in vice, will teach him to live plainly in order that he may encourage and make possible for himself high thinking, we ought to encourage him in that desire instead of saying to him that he is prompted by a selfish motive and that he ought to throw it aside and work for some abstract thing that he does not in the least understand. For although knowledge is being aimed at only to strengthen his own individual growth, yet it is a most valuable force in that upward growth, and he will really kill out the lower by grasping after the higher, even though it be entirely for the separated self.

Presently, as he gains more and more knowledge, that

very knowledge will teach him that he cannot evolve perfectly without helping others to evolve side by side with himself, that he cannot go on alone and leave his race utterly behind; and so he will gradually learn to use his knowledge to teach those who are more ignorant than himself, and will thus take another step in his upward climbing. But let him keep the gaining of knowledge as his motive so long as he needs it in order to spur him into activity, sure that even as he gains more knowledge he will widen out, his consciousness will expand, and that then higher motives will begin to attract and to exercise over him their inspiring force. And these higher motives will come to him also as he more and more develops in himself the emotional side of love; for as the intelligence develops the man will make for himself ideals; he will see noble lives as he studies the past and the present, and looking at these noble lives they also will exercise over him an attractive force. He will wish to realise in himself something of the nobility that he sees, and he will feel his nature drawn out towards those greater men and greater women in love, in reverence, in emulation.

And as he begins to lead the life of love, a love which pours out to those immediately around him, with whom he is connected by all natural ties, as it flows out to those in his immediate circle whom he recognises as more unselfish, more compassionate, more pure, more developed than himself, this outflow of love and of reverence will raise his nature, even though it be in many, nay, in all its earlier stages, very largely selfish in its character. He may be drawn to some friend who attracts him by the nobility of his character; inevitably, as he is drawn to that man and gives him love, he will desire his company, will wish for his approbation, will seek his affection, will look

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for return for the love that he gives ; and all these things will stimulate him into an attempt to be worthy of that love which he desires to obtain. Shall we check that which is working for growth by telling him that his love is personal and selfish, by telling him that he is after all only trying to gain for himself the affection that he desires from the object towards whom his love is turned ? Shall we tell him that it is only after all another form of personality, of selfishness, of idolatry ? If we do, and if we succeed in persuading him of the truth of what we say, we shall have deprived him of the greatest possible opportunity for his growth. Granted that much of selfishness mingles in that love, granted that much of personality clings to it, granted that one of his great objects in trying to be purer and wiser, more balanced, more noble, is in order that he may obtain the smile of approval from the one whom he recognises as his superior and, for the time being, as his ideal ; yet surely that motive is bringing him the very evolution of which he stands in need.

As he develops the higher purity, the greater, nobler thought, as he learns by his very admiration to bring out in himself the qualities that he admires in the one whom he loves and reverences, the bringing out of those qualities will purify the love, and all that is limited in it will gradually fall away as the expansion of the whole nature in the sunshine of that affection purifies and ennobles it year after year. And that much decried hero-worship at which so many scuffs are thrown to-day, which we so often hear spoken of as a sign of weakness and of folly, is in very reality not a sign of weakness but a sign of strength, for it shows the capacity to recognise that which is admirable when it is seen ; it shows the power to reverence that which is

great when it is met. There is nothing which more firmly holds the human soul in bond, which more vulgarises it and keeps it to a lower level, than the incapacity to recognise the great when we come into contact with it and to give to greatness that love, that reverence, and that homage which are really most potent means towards the growth and the evolution of the soul. We cannot, little developed as we are, recognise the abstract-glory of Deity, the illimitable perfection out of which our life has sprung, but we can recognise the gleams of that beauty in noble and saintly human lives. Present it to us in individual and concrete form, and we are able then to recognise it and to feel its subtle and rare attraction; but if we cannot recognise it as it comes to us through the individuals within our sight, we are only deceiving ourselves when we dream that we recognise and worship it in the higher forms in which it exists in God. There is a true and a noble saying of our great poet Browning, who, when speaking of the Hero-Souls of the world, of those who have served as Ideals and Models for mankind, writes:

Through such Souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

A profound truth nobly spoken. For all the beauty that is seen in any human soul is the divine beauty; all the love and the compassion and the purity that we recognise and love when we meet them in some flower of humanity, is God shining through that human form, which enshrines Him as the casket enshrines the jewel. Never be afraid to love or to reverence, never be afraid to give yourself wholly where you see that which is greater, grander than yourself. Let your love be im-

perfect for the time—it must be so while we are imperfect ; let it be limited for the time—it must be so while we are limited. How should we, with our limitations, our follies, and our weaknesses, give a love that is flawless, perfect, and divine ?

THE VALUE OF THEOSOPHY IN THE WORLD OF THOUGHT¹

²... It is the cant of the day, in judging the value of a man, that "it does not matter what he believes but only what he does." That is not true. It matters infinitely what a man believes; for as a man's belief so he is; as a man's thought, so inevitably is his action. There was a time in the world of thought when it was said with equal error: "It does not matter what a man does, provided his faith is right." If that word "faith" had meant the man's thought in its integrity, then there would have been but little error; for the right thought would inevitably have brought right action; but in those days right thought meant only orthodox thought, according to a narrow canon of interpretation, the obedient repetition of creeds, the blind acceptance of beliefs imposed by authority. In those days what was called Orthodoxy in religion was made the measure of the man, and judgment depended upon orthodox acquiescence. Against that mistake the great movement that closed the Middle Ages was the protest of the intellect of man, and it was declared that no external authority must bind the intellect, and none

¹ From *London Lectures of 1907*, by Annie Besant (London, Theosophical Publishing Society; Adzar, The Theosophist Office, 1909).

² An Address on taking office as President of the Theosophical Society. Delivered at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on July 10, 1907.

had right to impose from outside the thought which is the very essence of the man—that great assertion of the right of private judgment, of the supreme principle of the free intelligence, so necessary for the progress of humanity. But like all things it has been followed by a reaction, and men have run to the other extreme: that nothing matters except conduct, and action alone is to be considered. But your action is the result of your thought of yesterday, and follows your yesterday as its expression in the outer world; your thought of to-day is your action of to-morrow, and your future depends on its accuracy and its truth, on its consonance with reality. Hence it is all-important in the modern world to give back to thought its right place as above action, as its inspirer and its guide. For the human spirit by its expression as intellect judges, decides, directs, controls. Its activity is the outcome of its thinking; and if without caring for thought you plunge into action, you have the constant experiments, feeble and fruitless, which so largely characterise our modern life. . . .

I pass from that to my last world, the world of political thought. Now Theosophy takes no part in party politics. It lays down the great principle of human Brotherhood, and bids its followers go out into the world and work on it—using their intelligence, their power of thought, to judge the value of every method which is proposed. And our general criticism on the politics of the moment would be that they are remedies, not preventions, and leave untouched the root out of which all the miseries grow. Looking sometimes at your party politics, it seems to me as though you were as children plucking flowers and sticking them into the sand and saying: “See what a beautiful garden I have made.” And when you wake the next morning the flowers are dead, for there

were no roots, but only rootless flowers. I know you must make remedies, but you should not stop at that. When you send out your Red Cross doctors and nurses to pick up the mutilated bodies that your science of war has maimed, they are doing noble work, and deserve our love and gratitude, for the wounded must be nursed; but the man who works for peace does more for the good of humanity than the Red Cross doctors and nurses. And so also in the political world. You cannot safely live "hand-to-mouth" in politics any more than in any other department of human life. But how many are there in the political parties who care for causes and not only for effects? That is the criticism we should make. We see everywhere Democracy spreading; but Democracy is on its trial, and unless it can evolve some method by which the wise shall rule, and not merely the weight of ignorant numbers, it will dig its own grave. So long as you leave your people ignorant they are not fit to rule. The schools should come before the vote, and knowledge before power. You are proud of your liberty; you boast of a practically universal suffrage—leaving out, of course, one half of humanity!—but taking your male suffrage as you have it, how many of the voters who go to the poll know the principles of political history, know anything of economics, know anything of all the knowledge which is wanted for the guiding of the ship of the State through troubled waters? You do not choose your captains out of people who know nothing of navigation; but you choose the makers of your rulers out of those who have not studied and do not know. That is not wise. I do not deny it is a necessary stage in the evolution of man. I know that the Spirit acts wisely, and guides the nations along roads in which lessons are to be learned; and I hope that out of the blunders, and the errors, and the

crudities of present politics there will evolve a saner method, in which the wise of the nation will have power and guide its councils, and wisdom, not numbers, shall speak the decisive word.

Now there is one criticism of politics that we often hear in these days. It is said that behind politics lie economics. That is true. You may go on playing at politics for ever and ever; but if your economic foundation is rotten, no political remedies can build a happy and prosperous nation. But while I agree that behind politics lie economics, there is something that lies also behind economics, and of that I hear little said. Behind economics lies character, and without character you cannot build a free and a happy nation. A nation enormous in power, what do you know of the way in which your power is wielded in many a far-off land? How much do you know about your vast Indian Empire? How many of your voters going to the poll can give an intelligent answer to any question affecting that 300,000,000 of human beings whom you hold in your hand, and deal with as you will? There are responsibilities of Empire as well as pride in it, and pride of Empire is apt to founder when the responsibilities of Empire are ignored. And so the Theosophist is content to go to the root of the matter, and try to build up for you the citizens out of whom your future State is to be made. Education, real education, secular education, is now your cry. They tried secular education in France; they destroyed religious teaching; they tried to give morality without religion. But the moral lessons had no effect: they were too cold and dull, and dead. Is it not a scandal that in a country like this, where the vast majority are religious, you are quarrelling so much about the trifles that separate you, that the only way to peace seems

to be to take religion out of the schools altogether, and train the children only in morality, allowing an insignificant minority to have its way? Why! we have done better than that in India, we Theosophists. Hindu Theosophists have founded there a College in which, despite all their sects and all their religious quarrels, they have found a common minimum of Hinduism on which their children can be trained in religion and morality alike. I grant it was a Theosophical inspiration that began the movement; but the whole mass of Hindus have fallen in with it, and are accepting the books as the basis of education. Government has recognised them, and has begun to introduce them for the use of Hindus in its own schools. That is the way in which we Theosophists work at politics. We go to the root to build character, and we know that noble characters will make a noble and also a prosperous nation. But you can no more make a nation of free men out of children untrained in duty and in righteousness, than you can build a house that will stand if you use ill-baked bricks and rotten timber. Our keynote in politics is Brotherhood. That worked out into life will give you the nation that you want.

And what does Brotherhood mean? It means that everyone of us, you and I, every man and woman throughout the land, looks on all others as they look on their own brothers, and acts on the same principle which in the family rules. You keep religion out of politics? You cannot, without peril to your State; for unless you teach your people that they are a Brotherhood, whether or not they choose to recognise it, you are building on the sand and not on the rock. And what does Brotherhood mean? It means that the man who gains learning, uses it to teach the ignorant, until

none are ignorant. It means that the man who is pure takes his purity to the foul, until all have become clean. It means that the man who is wealthy uses his wealth for the benefit of the poor, until all have become prosperous. It means that everything you gain, you share; everything you achieve, you give its fruit to all. That is the law of Brotherhood, and it is the law of national as well as of individual life. You cannot rise alone. You are bound too strongly each to each. If you use your strength to raise yourself by trampling on your fellows, inevitably you will fail by the weakness that you have wronged.

Do you know who are the greatest enemies of a State? The weak, injured by the strong. For, above all States, rules an Eternal Justice; and the tears of miserable women, and the curses of angry, starving men, sap the foundations of a State that denies Brotherhood, and reach the ears of that Eternal Justice by which alone States live, and Nations continue. It is written in an ancient scripture that a Master of Duty said to a King: "Beware the tears of the weak, for they sap the thrones of Kings." Strength may threaten: weakness undermines. Strength may stand up to fight: weakness cuts away the ground on which the fighters are standing. And the message of Theosophy to the modern political world is: Think less about your outer laws, and more about the lives of the people who have to live under those laws. Remember that government can only live when the people are happy; that States can only flourish where the masses of the population are contented; that all that makes life enjoyable is the right of the lowest and the poorest; that they can do without external happiness far less than you, who have so many means of inner satisfaction, of enjoyment, by the culture that you

possess and that they lack. If there is not money enough for everything, spend your money in making happier, healthier, purer, more educated, the lives of the poor; then a happy nation will be an imperial nation; for Brotherhood is the strongest force on earth.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

WHAT UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTION MAY DO TO PROVIDE INTELLEC- TUAL PLEASURES FOR LATER LIFE¹

²SEVENTY years ago applied science was hardly taught at all in schools and universities, and theoretic science, except, of course, mathematics, not at all in schools and but little in universities. Now science has come to dominate the field of education, and in some countries is avenging herself for the contumely with which the old-fashioned curriculum used to treat her by now herself trying to relegate the study of language and literature to a second-ary place. Nothing could have been more foolish than the way in which some old-fashioned classical scholars used to look down upon chemistry and physiology as vulgar subjects. But any men of science who wish to treat literature or history with a like arrogance will make just as great a mistake.

In England there are some signs of this arrogance, and it is becoming necessary to insist upon the importance of

¹ From *University and Historical Addresses delivered during a Residence in the United States as Ambassador of Great Britain*, by (the Right Hon.) James Bryce (Macmillans, 1913).

² Address delivered at the University of Chicago, June 11, 1907.

the human as opposed to the natural or scientific subjects. Whether this is the case here also you know better than I do. It need excite no surprise that there should be a general rush at present towards those branches of study which have most to promise in the way of success in life. But I am glad to know that in the greatest universities of America ample provision is made for, and all due encouragement is given to, the humanistic and literary subjects. Assuming this to be so, assuming that for the purposes of a general liberal education and also for the purpose of special preparation for the various professions and occupations, all lines of study are here alike recognised and efficiently taught, I pass to another aspect of what university education may accomplish.

That which I ask you to join me in considering is the value and helpfulness to the individual man of scientific studies and of literary studies, respectively, not for success in any occupation or profession, nor for any other gainful purpose, but for what may be called the enjoyment of life after the days of university education have ended.

All knowledge has two sides. It is meant to impart the knowledge, the skill, the habits of diligence and concentration which are needed to secure practical success. It is also meant to form character, to implant taste, to cultivate the imagination and the emotions, to prepare a man to enjoy those delights which belong to hours of leisure and to the inner life which goes on, or ought to go on, all the time within his own breast.

All study contains or implies the pleasure of putting forth our powers, of mastering difficulties, of acquiring new aptitudes, of making the mental faculties quick and deft like the fingers. It is a pleasure to see the intellect

gleam and cut like a well-tempered and keen-edged sword. This kind of pleasure can be derived from all studies, though not from all equally. Some give a better intellectual training than others; some are better fitted for one particular type of mind than for other types. But with these differences I do not propose to deal to-day. I want you to think of the training of the mind, not for work or display, but for enjoyment.

Everyone of us ought to have a second or inner life of the intellect over and above that life which he leads among other men for the purposes of his avocation, be it to gain money or power or fame, or be it to serve his country or his neighbours. Considering himself as a Mind made to reflect and to enjoy, he ought to have some pursuit, some taste—if you like, even some fad or hobby—to which he can turn from the daily routine of his work for rest and for that change of occupation which is the best kind of rest, something round which his thoughts can play when he is alone and in which he can realise his independence of outward calls, his freedom from external demands and external restrictions. Whatever the taste or pursuit be, whether of a higher or a commoner type, to have it is a good thing for him. But of course the more wholesome and stimulating and elevating the taste or pursuit is, so much the better.

Now the question I ask you to consider is this: What can instruction in natural science do, and what can instruction in the human or literary subjects do, to instil such tastes, to suggest such pursuits? What sort of teaching and training can a university give to its student fit for him to carry away from the university as a permanent possession for his own private use and pleasure, to be added to by his exertions as he finds

time and opportunity, not that he may be richer or more famous, but that he may be, if possible, wiser, and at any rate happier?

The study of any branch of natural science has one great charm in the fact that it opens possibilities of discovering new truth. There is hardly a branch of physics or chemistry, or of biology or natural history, in which the patient inquirer may not hope to extend the boundaries of knowledge. This is what makes physical science, as a professional occupation, so attractive. The work is in itself interesting, perhaps even exciting, quite apart from any profit to one's self. One is occupied with what is permanent, one is in quest of reality, one may at any moment taste the thrilling pleasures of discovery.

But such work requires in most departments an elaborate provision of laboratories and apparatus, and (in nearly all departments of research) an amount of time constantly devoted to observation and experiment which practically restricts it to those who make it the business of their life, and puts it out of the reach of persons actually engaged in some other occupation. Discoveries have been made by scientific amateurs. Benjamin Franklin and his contemporaries, Cavendish and Priestley, are cases in point. But this is increasingly difficult. Few lawyers or merchants or engineers or practising physicians can hope for time to enjoy this pleasure. The best that a scientific education can do for them is to start them with enough knowledge to enable them to follow intelligently the onward march of scientific investigation.

There is also a pleasure in meditating upon the ultimate problems of matter, force, and life, even if one cannot do anything toward solving them. The un-

known appeals to our imagination, especially if we have imagination enough to feel that the unknown is all around us, and to realise the grandeur and solemnity of nature. . . .

In these ways natural science may appeal even to those whose daily course of life debars them from continuing to study it; and this is one of the reasons which suggests that some knowledge at least of the method and the fundamental conceptions of science, mathematical and physical, is a necessary part of a liberal education.

What we call natural history (*i.e.* geology, botany, and zoology) stands on a somewhat different footing. No pursuits give more pleasure, or a purer kind of pleasure, than that given by these forms of inquiry. They take us into open-air nature, they make us familiar with her, and they generally involve active exertion of body as well as mind. The only drawback is that it is difficult for the dwellers in those vast cities, which have unfortunately grown up during the last hundred years, to enjoy these pursuits, except for a few holiday weeks in summer.

If, however, we revert to the question of how much science can do, in the case of those whose occupations forbid them to prosecute systematic scientific study, for the enrichment and refinement of that inner life whereof I have spoken, we shall find that the range of its influence is limited. It is only in certain aspects that it appeals to the imagination, nor does every man's imagination respond. To the emotions, other than those of wonder and admiration, it does not directly appeal. It is remote from the hopes, the fears, the needs, the aspirations of human beings.

While you are at work on the hydrocarbons in the

college laboratory, your curiosity and interest are roused by the remarkable phenomena they present. But they do not help you to order your life and conversation aright. Euclid's geometry is interesting as a model of exact deductive reasoning. One remembers it with pleasure. A man who has some leisure and some talent in this direction may all through his life enjoy the effort of solving mathematical problems. But has any one at a supreme moment of some moral struggle ever been able to find help and stimulus in the thought that the square described upon the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares described on the two other sides thereof?

By far the larger part of the life of everyone of us as a being who thinks and feels is that part which puts him in contact with other human beings, either with the lives of those whom he meets or with the thoughts and deeds of those who in time past have done memorable acts, or have left written words round which his own mind can play. Man himself—"the little God of the world" as Mephistopheles calls him¹—is the principal thing on this globe as we know it, and that which explains him has after all the deepest interest for us.

Whatever be anyone's occupation, he spends most of his working hours in the company of his fellow-men. They may not delight him, as they did not delight Hamlet, or they may delight him, as they surely must have delighted Shakespeare. But whether they delight him or not, they are an inexhaustible field of study; and the study becomes more interesting when we compare the persons whom we meet and observe with the figures that

¹ In the Prologue to Goethe's *Faust*

stand out in the works of those masters of fiction who have known how to make human nature as true in tale or drama as it is in fact. So is it, too, with those whose words and deeds have come down to us from the past. When one has gazed upon the portraits of famous men in the long and stately gallery of history, one can view with a more sympathetic or more humorous eye the endless picture-show that moves before his vision in the present.

Accordingly, when we turn from thinking of our active life in the world to the inner or personal life, it is the human subjects which are best fitted to nourish it and illumine it. Under the human subjects I include history, philosophy, and imaginative literature. History (of which biography is a part) covers all that man has thought and felt and said and planned and achieved. It is the best mirror of human nature, for it describes things in the concrete, human nature not as we fancy it but as it is. It reveals to us not only what has been, but how that which is has come to be what it is. It helps to explain to us our own generation as well as those that have gone before. . . .

Of literature, as apart from history and philosophy, there are many branches, but that branch which I seek to dwell upon for our present purpose is poetry and the imaginative treatment, whether in verse or in prose, of human themes. Epic and dramatic poems present pictures of life as the highest constructive minds have seen it. Reflective and lyric poems are the finest expression that has been found for human emotion. In their several ways they give voice to what in our clearest moments of vision or at our highest moments of exaltation, we ordinary mortals are able dimly to feel but, faintly or feebly to express. In this way they

both instruct us and stimulate us more than anything else can do; and they also give a rare and delicate pleasure by the perfection of their form. In urging on you what universities may do to implant a love of literature which shall last through life, let me lay especial stress upon the literature of periods remote from our own.

The narratives and the poetry of primitive peoples such as the ancient Hebrews, and the ancient Greeks, and our own far-off Teutonic and Celtic forefathers have the incomparable merit of presenting thought and passion in their simplest form. They do us an immense service in illuminating the annals of mankind as a whole, by making us feel our own identity with and yet also our differences from the earlier phases of human society. They give a sense of the growth and development of the human spirit which carries us out of our own narrow horizon, which makes all the movements of the world seem to be part of one great drama, which saves us from fancying ourselves to be better or wiser than those who went before, which ennobles life itself by the ample prospect which it opens.

Most—though not all—of the literature I am speaking of can be fully enjoyed and appreciated only in the languages in which it was originally composed. These are vulgarly called “dead languages.” Let no one be afraid of that name. No language is dead which perfectly conveys thoughts that are alive and are as full of energy now as they ever were. An idea or a feeling grandly expressed lives forever, and gives immortality to the words that enshrine it.

Let me add that it is in large measure through literature that we have been able to enjoy the pleasures of nature and those of art. Whoever possesses a sense

for form and colour may appreciate a fine picture without any knowledge of the technique of painting. But he will see comparatively little in it if his taste has not been formed and trained by the study of masterpieces and if his mind has not received the cultivation which letters and history give. So a man need not have read the poets to be able to find delight in a beautiful landscape. But he will enjoy it far more if he knows what Thomson, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Shelley, Ruskin, and above all, Wordsworth, have written. How much have they done to increase a sense of the charm of nature in all who use our tongue!

What are the practical conclusions which I desire to submit to you as the result of these suggestions? They are two.

The ardour with which the study of the physical sciences is now pursued for practical purposes must not make us forget that education has to do a great deal more than turn out a man fitted to succeed in business. It must also endeavour to give him a power of enjoying the best pleasures. The physical sciences do open such pleasures, but these are not so easily obtained, nor so well adapted to stimulate and polish most minds, nor so calculated to strengthen and refine the character, as those which can be drawn from the human or literary subjects.

Secondly, in the study of such literary subjects as languages and history, we must beware of giving exclusive attention to the technicalities of grammar and to purely critical inquiries. There is some risk that in the eagerness to apply exact methods so as to secure accuracy and a mastery of detail, the literary quality of the books read and the dramatic and personal aspect of the events and persons studied may be too little regarded. Exact

methods and the whole apparatus of grammatical lore have their use for the purposes of college training, but in after years it is the thoughts and style of the writers, the permanent significance or the romantic quality of the events, that ought to dwell in the mind. There is certainly in England a tendency, perhaps due to German influences, to hold that history ought, in order that it may be thoroughly scientific, to welcome dullness and dryness. It is said, I know not with what truth, that the same tendency is felt here. The ethical side and the romantic side may have been overdone in time past, but it must never be forgotten that one of the chief aims of history is to illustrate human nature. We need throughout life to have all the light thrown upon human nature that history and philosophy can throw; to have all the help and inspiration for our own lives that poetry can give.

Much of everyone's work is dull and monotonous, perhaps even depressing, and that escape from the dullness of many a business career which the strain of fierce competition or bold speculation promises is a dangerous resource. It is better to nurture and cherish what I have ventured to call the inner life. Not all can succeed; none can escape sorrows and disappointments. He who under disappointments or sorrows has no resources within his own command beyond his daily round of business duties, nothing to which he can turn to cheer or refresh his mind, wants a precious spring of strength and consolation.

Nowhere in the world is there so strong a desire among the people for a university education as here in America. The effects of this will no doubt be felt in the coming generation. Let us hope they will be felt not only in the completer equipment of your citizens for

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public life and their warmer zeal for civic progress, but also in a true perception of the essential elements of happiness, an enlarged capacity for enjoying those simple pleasures which the cultivation of taste and imagination opens to us all.

SOME HINTS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING¹

² EIGHTY years ago Thomas Carlyle preached the gospel of Silence and denounced the growing tendency to talk in public. Since then the habit has increased, is increasing, and seems most unlikely to decrease. It may be true that everything worth saying has been said. Nevertheless, orations will go on as long as men are willing to listen.

You whom I see here present will join—some of you have already joined—the great army of orators, so it is natural that you should desire to have a few hints given you on the subject, even if they claim no other authority than that which fifty years of observation here and in Europe may seem to confer. They shall be put in the form of a few short maxims of a severely practical character. Most, perhaps all, of these maxims will appear obvious, but I give them not because they are novel, but because they are so constantly neglected as to be worth repeating.

1. Always have something to say. The man who has something to say and who is known never to speak unless he has, is sure to be listened to, especially in a deliberative

¹ From *University and Historical Addresses*, by (the Right Hon.) James Bryce. (Macmillans, 1913.)

² Address to the State University of Iowa, April 1910.

assembly or wherever there is business to be done, while the man of mere words carries no sort of weight. Try to have an idea, or if you cannot find one—ideas are none too common—have two or three relevant facts. You may tell me that sometimes a man is forced to speak when there is nothing to be said. This does not often happen, because if you think a little before you rise, you will almost always find something bearing on the matter in hand, even if the occasion be a purely ornamental one. There is a well-known speech of Cicero's¹ in which he had to present a legal case on behalf of a poet. He evidently knew that the legal case was weak, so he passed quickly and lightly over it, but made a graceful and eloquent discourse upon poetry in general. The theme was not very novel then, and is still less novel now, but the discourse was so finished in its language that it can still be read with pleasure. So when you have to propose the health of some one of whose personal merits you know nothing, you may say something about the importance of his office if he is a state governor or a mayor, or the services rendered by his profession if he is a surgeon, or if he is a newspaper reporter, Milton's *Areopagitica* with its stately argument on behalf of the liberty of unlicensed printing may suggest something appropriate. If you can find nothing at all to say, don't say it. Your silence will not harm you in the long run. . . .

2. Always know what you mean to say. If possible, consider beforehand what you are going to say, and make your own mind perfectly clear what is the argument which you want to put, or the facts you want to convey. If your own mind is muddled, much more muddled will your hearers be. Bring your thoughts to a point, reject what-

¹ 106-43 B.C.

ever is irrelevant, and be content if you have one good point and can drive it home. It is pitiable to see how often a man who really has some knowledge of his subject goes groping or stumbling about, trying to get somewhere, but not getting anywhere, not for want of words, but because he cannot put his ideas into the form of definite propositions. In trying to discover what it is that you mean, you may discover that you mean nothing. If so, the sooner you know it the better. Sometimes one hears a speech in the course of which the speaker gets his own mind clear, and comes at last to know what he means, but when it is too late to get hold of the audience. If he had thought the thing out beforehand, all would have gone well.

3. Always arrange your remarks in some sort of order. No matter how short they are to be, they will be the better for having a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing pleases an audience more than the sense that they are being led along a path towards a definite goal by a man who knows his way. It gives them confidence that the speaker understands what he is about and will bring them out all right somewhere. Do not, however, let your arrangement be so obtrusively elaborate as to alarm them. It used to be the fashion of Scottish preachers to divide their subject into three or four "heads" with a "firstly," a "secondly," a "thirdly," and so forth, under each head, so that the listener knew what a long road he had to travel. I remember one sermon in which a venerable minister got as far as nineteenthly under the second head. The process of classifying facts and arguments and placing them in their right order in one's own mind helps to clarify it, while it adds strength to the argument. It might almost be said that a well-arranged speech is seldom a bad speech, because in the

process of arrangement a man of any sense is sure to find out the deficiencies in his facts or the weak points in his arguments in time to cure them.

4. At all hazards, Be Clear. Make your meaning, whatever it is, plain to your audience. Though obscure speech is usually due to obscure thought, this is not always so. Some persons who think clearly have not learned to express themselves clearly, because they are nervous in public, or have an insufficient command of words. In such cases it may be better to resort to the expedient, otherwise to be deprecated, of reading a speech from manuscript rather than confuse the audience. You have, moreover, to think not of the form thoughts take in your own mind, but of the form in which they will be comprehensible by your audience. . . .

5. In controversial speaking, as, for example, in conducting a lawsuit or arguing a proposal in a deliberative body, think always of what your opponent will say, and so frame your speech as to anticipate his answers and give little opening for his criticism. The grounds of this rule are too obvious to need illustration. Add to it the old maxim that in replying you ought to meet and counter your adversary's jest by earnest, and his earnest by jest. Aristotle said it, but mother wit has taught it to many a man who never heard of Aristotle.

6. Always reflect beforehand upon the kind of audience you are likely to have, for even in the same country or in the same section of the country audiences are by no means the same, and what suits one may not suit another. I have known practised speakers throw overboard the speech they had intended to deliver and substitute something different when they looked from the platform over the faces beneath. If your hearers are mostly educated men and women, you may assume much as already

known which it would be proper to explain to persons of scantier knowledge. But it is safer to proceed on the assumption of ignorance (so long as you do not let the audience think you are talking down to them) than to assume knowledge. We are all of us more ignorant than other people know, or indeed than we know ourselves. . . .

7. Never despise those whom you address, whatever you may think of their intellectual attainments. Give them the best you have to give. . . . You will find it politic as well as polite to respect them, and you must never think that your best thoughts, expressed in the fittest words, are too good for them. Though noisy and empty rhetoric will often draw cheers, still the masses of the common people almost always appreciate solid and relevant facts, sound and useful thoughts, stated in language they can understand, and there will probably be among them those who would perceive and resent any indication that you were talking down to their inferior capacity.

8. Be sparing of literary ornament, except in speeches that are of a frankly decorative kind, such as those made after dinner, or panegyrics of some notable person whom it is wished to honour. Just as an ornament should seem when used in architecture, to be an original and essential part of the whole design, so in oratory the decorative parts should be connected with, and naturally grow out of, the substance of the matter in hand, and should help to make the speech more vivid and telling, rather than seem stuck on in order to please the ear without strengthening the sense. Abraham Lincoln rendered a great service to American eloquence when he renounced the florid or tawdry style that prevailed in his day, and set an example of speaking that was plain, direct, and terse. Be sparing with superlatives; reserve them for occasions

where they will really tell. Take pains to choose the strong and simple words, and the words that exactly fit the case. Even an audience that is not itself very cultivated feels the charm of choice and pointed diction, and of words that have some touch of colour in them, such as apt metaphors. A well-chosen metaphor often clinches an argument, or becomes an illustration of it in miniature.

9. As respects humorous anecdotes, and jokes in general, these are eminently matters of individual taste, in which each man will please himself, and few general counsels can be given. Though we all envy the speaker who has plenty of merry jests, he needs to beware of abusing his gift. . . .

10. Never, if you can help it, be dull. It is a fault to have too many flowers or too many fireworks, but it is a worse fault to be tedious. An eminent Oxford teacher of my undergraduate days, who is now a learned and distinguished English writer, coined for his pupils a phrase which had a great vogue in the university: "It is better to be flippant than to be dull." This audacious advice, meant for young writers, is even more applicable to young speakers, because, bad as dulness is in print, it is still worse when you cannot escape from it without quitting the dinner-table. Many are the causes of dreariness in a speech. One is lack of good matter, for it often happens that the less a man has to say, the more he spins it out. A still commoner one is confused thinking, which makes the speaker lose himself in vague and pointless phrases. Another is monotony in language, the frequent repetition of the same words, because the speaker's vocabulary is scanty and he can command no others. You may ask how dulness can be avoided when the subject is not a lively one. Well, some subjects are dry. The treasurer of a city, or even of a baseball club,

who is presenting his accounts, cannot make them fascinating. But dryness is not the same thing as dulness. The least promising subject may be treated with a conciseness and precision and lucidity which allow one the pleasure that good workmanship gives. A speech with those merits will not be dull. Though it may be dry, it will stand out sharp and clear, like a bare mountain peak in the desert of Arizona, and even to the driest topics you can impart a little variety by a lively simile or an apt illustration. Dulness is often the result merely of monotony in voice and manner: and this brings me to another maxim.

11. Remember the importance of Delivery. Demosthenes, greatest of all orators, is reported to have said, when asked what was the chief quality in oratory, Delivery; and when asked what was the second and again what was the third, to have made the same reply. It is related that his own elocution and manner were at first poor, and were improved by incessant study and practice. And though a rich or sweet or sonorous and resonant voice is a gift of nature, care and training can do much to get good results out of a mediocre organ. Articulation, modulation, and expression may all be cultivated. To listen to words clearly and finely spoken, and to sentences in which the voice adapts itself to the subject, adds greatly to whatever pleasure a speech can give. However, the four suggestions I make to you are applicable to all, be their voices good or bad. First, Be sure you are heard. Better be silent than be inaudible. Secondly, Do not shout. It is not necessary. Take the measure of the room, look at the man in the last row, throw your voice out so as to reach him, watching his face to see if the words get there, and trust not so much to loudness as to clearness of enuncia-

tion and a measured delivery. Thirdly, Beware of exhausting your voice. Do not strain it, however large the room, to its utmost power, at least until near the end of your speech. Fourthly, Vary now and then the key or pitch of your voice. It relieves the listener, and to suddenly raise or lower the voice when there is any change in the topic often helps the sense of the words. A speech seems twice as long when it is delivered in a monotone, and most speeches are too long already.

Were I addressing an English audience I should add a fifth suggestion. Speak slowly. But the fault of going too fast is far less common here than in Britain; indeed, some of your speakers tend to the opposite error of going too slow. . . . It may interest you to know that John Bright,¹ who was on the whole the greatest English orator of the last half century, told me that when he first began to speak in public his utterance was so rapid that on one occasion a newspaper reported an address he had made at a political meeting in the following words: "The next speech was made by our young townsman, Mr. John Bright, but he spoke so fast that our reporter was quite unable to follow him." When and after Bright had reached his prime, the measured deliberation with which he delivered his sentences made them tell like the blows of a hammer.

12. Never read from manuscript if you can help it, unless when the occasion is one of such exceptional solemnity or dignity that a long and highly finished piece of composition is expected. As for notes, the fewer the better, but if you find that you cannot trust your memory to supply the order of the topics and the particular points you wish to make, or illustrations you

¹ 1811-1889.

wish to intersperse, it is better to refer to your notes for these than to miss the points altogether. There are speakers whose habit it is to carry notes in their pocket even when they hope not to use them. It gives confidence, and saves them from such a fiasco as I have seen befall even practised debaters in the House of Commons, when, having suddenly lost the thread of their discourse, they were obliged to sink sadly to their seats, amid the crushing commiseration of their opponents.

13. Whether you use notes or not, always have ready two or three sentences with which to sit down. You need not be either flowery or sublime in your closing words, but some sort of a peroration you ought to have at command, so as not to bungle and hesitate when the time for ending comes. How often do we see an unhappy fellow-creature go maundering or floundering helplessly along, amid the growing contempt of the audience, having already said all he had got to say, and yet unable to stop because he feels that a closing sentence is needed and he cannot find one.

14. Lastly—and this is a maxim which is of universal application—Never weary your audience. If they are tired before you rise to speak, cut your speech short, unless you feel able to freshen them up and dispel their weariness. Just as physicians say that a man ought to leave off eating while he is still hungry enough to go on eating, so let your hearers wish for more food from you, rather than feel they have had too much already. Consider the hour of the evening and human weakness. One of the most successful speeches I remember to have heard of was made by a famous engineer at a great public dinner of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He came last; and midnight had arrived. His toast was Applied Science, and his

speech was as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, at this late hour I advise you to illustrate the Applications of Science by applying a lucifer match to the wick of your bedroom candle. Let us all go to bed." . . .

The maxim not to tire or bore your audience is part of a wider precept; viz., to remember the main purpose of a speech. Most speakers are beset, especially in their earlier days, by a temptation from which even those of longer experience are not exempt, the temptation to regard a speech as the opportunity for displaying talent rather than as a means to an end.

The aims or ends of speaking are commonly classed as two. One is to Persuade. The other is to Delight. In order to persuade a court or a jury you must think not of showing off your theoretical gifts, but of getting the judgment or the verdict. The best speech is the speech that convinces court or jury. In a legislative body, the best speech is that which draws votes, or, if that be impossible, which puts heart into your own party. When the speech is meant not to persuade, but to give delight, there are three quarters in which pleasure may be felt; the person in whose honour the speech is made, the audience, and yourself. It is a common error to think too much of the last and too little of the second. So long as you are mindful to say nothing unworthy of yourself, nothing untrue, nothing vulgar, you had better forget yourself altogether and think only of the audience, how to get them and how to hold them. Keep your mind fixed upon your hearers and upon the end in view, whether it be to please or to convince. Appreciation will come if it is deserved, and will come all the more if you do not too obviously play for it.

You will sometimes make failures, for nobody is

always at his best. Do not be discouraged. The fault may not be your own, for much depends on conditions you cannot command. But when you feel you have fallen below the best that you can do, ask yourself why, and if the fault is in yourself, try to correct it next time.

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

SPEECH ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON, AT THE GUILDHALL, ON JULY 20, 1904¹

My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Let me begin by thanking the Chamberlain very warmly for his kind reference to Lady Curzon. Though, as he remarked, not officially present here to-day, she is yet in this hall to hear the courteous things that he said about her, and with which, in reference to the assistance she has rendered to me and to the work that she has done in India, I venture cordially to associate myself.

My Lord Mayor, I do not suppose that there is any honour which a public man can value more highly than the Freedom of the City of London. No fee can purchase it, no conqueror can claim it as his own ; it is the free gift of the corporation of the greatest city in the world, and it has the added dignity of the associations that accompany it, and the memory of the illustrious names with which each recipient is proud to find his own enrolled. But the honour seems to me to carry an especial

¹ From *Speeches on India*, delivered by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, while in England in July-August 1904 (John Murray, 1907).

grace when it is conferred upon those servants of the Crown who have been serving their country in distant parts, for it shows them that in their absence they have not been altogether forgotten, and that those of you who are at the heart of Empire are not indifferent to what is passing on the outskirts. . . .

My Lord Mayor, the City Chamberlain in his speech has drawn an appreciative and flattering picture of some of the aspects of the administration with which I have been concerned. If I detected in some of his remarks the too generous partiality of one old Etonian for another, I am yet conscious of the service that he has rendered to India by inviting the attention of this representative assemblage to some features in our recent administration.

May I also take advantage of the present opportunity to say a few words to my countrymen about that great charge—the greatest that is anywhere borne by the English people, nay, more, in my judgment, the most onerous and the most impressive that has ever rested upon the shoulders of a conquering and civilised race? I sometimes think that the most remarkable thing about British rule in India is the general ignorance that prevails about it in England. Seventy years ago Lord Macaulay said, in his speech about the Government of India, that a broken head in Coldbath Fields produced a greater sensation amongst us than three pitched battles in India. Twenty years later Lord Dalhousie, that celebrated pro-consul, wrote that nothing short of a great victory or a great defeat in India was sufficient to create in English society even a transient interest in Indian affairs. If these are the tests of English interest in India, then, my Lords, any such service as it may have been in my power to render must be, indeed, unknown. But I think that things have somewhat advanced since those

days. Communications have greatly improved between the two countries; postal and telegraphic charges have been cheapened; more cold-weather visitors come out to us in India every year; and there is always an intelligent minority of persons here who follow, with the utmost interest, everything that goes on there. Yet, in its main essentials, the indictment still remains true. . . . Even if he [the average Englishman] looks abroad he sees more and hears more about the 11,000,000 who inhabit the Colonies than he does about the 300,000,000 who inhabit India. In the happiness of our insular detachment, or in the pride of racial expansion, he forgets that the greatest constituent of the Empire in scale and in importance lies neither in these islands, nor in the Colonies, but in our Asiatic dependency. It is true that for this ignorance and want of proportion on his part there is abundant excuse. Here are our own people; this is the hearthstone of the Empire and the nursery of the race; these islands must always be our first concern; even the Colonies are, in a sense, only one stage more distant, because they are peopled by our own kith and kin. India, on the other hand, is very remote and very unintelligible, and the average Englishman, if only he hears nothing about it from day to day, is apt to think that matters must be going on sufficiently well.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I have always ventured to hold a different idea about British rule in India. To me it is the greatest thing that the English people have done, or are doing now; it is the highest touchstone of national duty. . . .

I should like to convey to this audience some idea of the part that India is capable of playing, nay, of the part that it has recently played in the Imperial burden. As I say, my illustrations shall be drawn from recent

history and from my own experience, Two of them have been mentioned by the City Chamberlain in his speech. If you want to save your Colony of Natal from being overrun by a formidable enemy, you ask India for help, and she gives it; if you want to rescue the white men's legations from massacre at Peking, and the need is urgent, you request the Government of India to despatch an expedition, and they despatch it; if you are fighting the Mad Mullah in Somaliland, you soon discover that Indian troops and an Indian general are best qualified for the task, and you ask the Government of India to send them; if you desire to defend any of your extreme outposts or coaling stations of the Empire, Aden, Mauritius, Singapore, Hong-kong, even Tien-tsin or Shan-hai-kwan, it is to the Indian Army that you turn; if you want to build a railway to Uganda or in the Soudan, you apply for Indian labour. When the late Mr. Rhodes was engaged in developing your recent acquisition of Rhodesia, he came to me for assistance. It is with Indian coolie labour that you exploit the plantations equally of Demerara and Natal; with Indian trained officers that you irrigate Egypt and dam the Nile; with Indian forest officers that you tap the resources of Central Africa and Siam; with Indian surveyors that you explore all the hidden places of the earth.

. . . I hope I have said enough, therefore, my Lords and Gentlemen, to show you that you cannot afford to leave India out of your calculations. She is as important to you as you are beneficial to her. In the world politics of the future believe me that India will play an increasing part, and a time will come when in our reformed Board Schools the average English boy will require to know more about India than he does now, will require

to know as much about India as he now does about Marathon or Waterloo.

I grant, my Lord Mayor, that the features of government in the two countries are very different. And perhaps this is the main cause of the ignorance and misconception to which I have referred. We have in India a good many of the problems that you have here, but they are magnified almost beyond recognition by the complexity of the factors and the immensity of the scale. We also have our own problems, to which, in the tranquil uniformity of life in these islands, you are fortunately strangers. You have not the perpetual and harassing anxiety of a land frontier 5700 miles in length, peopled by hundreds of different tribes, most of them inured to religious fanaticism and hereditary rapine. A single outbreak at a single point may set entire sections of that frontier ablaze. Then, beyond it, we are brought into direct contact with the picturesque but perilous debility of independent, or quasi-independent, Asiatic States, some of them incurably diseased, and hastening to their fall; and behind them, again, are the muffled figures of great European Powers, advancing nearer and nearer, and sometimes finding in these conditions temptations to action that is not in strict accordance with the interests which we are bound to defend. That, my Lord Mayor, is the external problem of India.

Then, if we look within, whereas you in England have a population that is relatively homogeneous, we have to deal in India with races that are as different from each other as the Esquimaux is from the Spaniard or the Irishman from the Turk, with creeds that range between the extreme points of the basest animalism on the one hand and the most exalted metaphysics on the other, and with standards of life that cover the whole space

between barbarism and civilisation. You have here an aristocracy that is drawn from the people, and that goes back to it. Our aristocracy in India consists of native chiefs of diverse races, many of them as much aliens to the people as we are ourselves, presenting every variety of *status* and privilege, from the magnificent potentates that you sometimes see in this country to the pettiest landed proprietor.

You hardly know here what the phrase, "land revenue" means. In India it is the be-all and end-all of millions of the population, and it is the mainspring of our internal administration. In England your railways are built, managed, and financed by private enterprise; in India they are one of the chief charges of Government. I remember that it fell to me, as Viceroy, to issue orders, on my own responsibility, for the better accommodation of native passengers in third-class carriages. Here, in England, your education problem, as any Parliamentary present will bear me out, is thorny enough; but it is as nothing compared with ours in India, where we are trying to graft the science of the West on to an Eastern stem; where we have to deal with religious differences, compared with which all your sectarian animosities sink into the shade; where we have a chaos of languages, and stages of mental organisation that extend, as I have remarked, from the transcendentalist to the savage.

Then, here in England, you do not know what famine is. My Lord Mayor, I thank the Chamberlain for the remarks that he made on that subject in his address. It is quite true that I had to administer in India the greatest famine that has befallen that country in modern times within the range to which it applied, and I can assure you that it is an experience that would wring *blood from stone. You have your sunshine and storms,

your drought and floods in this country, but you do not know the awful possibilities that are summed up in the single word "monsoon," and which spell the difference in India between life and death to areas in any one of which the whole of the United Kingdom might be swallowed up. You have your suffering and destitution, but you have not such an appalling visitor as the plague—the plague, now in its seventh year in India, defying analysis, defeating the utmost efforts of medical skill and administrative energy, inscrutable in its origin, merciless in its ravages, sweeping off, as our records show, very often thousands in a day and tens of thousands in a week. Then, above all, your public men in England have not before them the haunting question that is always before us in India, like a riddle of the Sphinx—what is in the heart of all those sombre millions, whither are we leading them, what is it all to come to, where is the goal?

Such, my Lord Mayor, are some of the superficial differences between the problem of government in India and in England. They are, I think, sufficient to show you that those who are charged with the government of that great dependency can seldom have a careless moment or an idle hour. They are weighed down with incessant anxiety, with an almost overpowering responsibility, and with unending toil. But I can assure you that every one of them, from the Governor-General down to the youngest civilian, is proud of the duty, and resolved to do justice to it; and when the commander is called up and praised, a thrill runs down the ranks, and encourages the latest-joined private in the lines.

Sir Joseph Dimsdale¹ said something about the character of the work in which we have been engaged during the past five years. My Lord Mayor, it has been a work

¹ The City Chamberlain.

of reform and reconstruction. Epochs arise in the history of every country when the administrative machinery requires to be taken to pieces and overhauled and readjusted to the altered necessities or the growing demands of the hour. The engines are not working to their scheduled capacity, the engines are perhaps slack or overborne. I agree with those who inscribe on their administrative banners the motto "Efficiency." But my conception of efficiency is to practise as well as to preach it. It is with this object that we have conducted an inquiry in India into every aspect of the administration. First we began with the departments themselves, the offices of Government, revising the conditions under which they work, freeing them from the impediments of excessive writing, with its consequences of strangulation of all initiative and dilatoriness in action. Then we proceeded to investigate every branch of the Government in turn. We endeavoured to frame a plague policy which should not do violence to the instincts and sentiments of the native population; a famine policy which should profit by the experience of the past and put us in a position to cope with the next visitation when unhappily it bursts upon us; an education policy which should free the intellectual activities of the Indian people, so keen and restless as they are, from the paralysing clutch of examinations; a railway policy that will provide administratively and financially for the great extension that we believe to lie before us; an irrigation policy that will utilise to the *maximum*, whether remuneratively or unremuneratively, all the available water resources of India, not merely in canals—I almost think we have reached the end there—but in tanks and reservoirs and wells; a police policy that will raise the standard of the only emblem of authority that the majority of the people

see, and will free them from petty diurnal tyranny and oppression. It is impossible to satisfy all classes in India or anywhere else. There are some people who clamour for boons which it is impossible to give. But the administrator looks rather to the silent and inarticulate masses, and if he can raise even by a little the level of material comfort and well-being in their lives he has earned his reward.

I am glad that our finances in India have placed us in a position to give the people the first reduction of taxation that they have enjoyed for twenty years. We have endeavoured to render the land revenue more equable in its incidence, to lift the load of usury from the shoulders of the peasant, and to check that reckless alienation of the soil which in many parts of the country was fast converting him from a free proprietor to a bond slave. We have done our best to encourage industries which little by little will relieve the congested field of agriculture, develop the indigenous resources of India, and make that country more and more self-providing in the future. I would not indulge in any boast, but I dare to think that as the result of these efforts I can point to an India that is more prosperous, more contented, and more hopeful. Wealth is increasing in India. There is no test you can apply which does not demonstrate it. Trade is growing. Evidences of progress and prosperity are multiplying on every side. Six years ago, just before I left England, a committee of experts was sitting in London to provide us in India with that which is the first condition of economic advance—that is, a sound currency policy. I thank Sir Henry Fowler, the chairman of that committee, and the authorities co-operating with him, for the great service that they rendered to India. Profiting by their labours, we have introduced

a gold standard and established fixity of exchange, and we seem to have put an end to the fitful and demoralising vagaries of the silver rupee.

But I think I can point to more satisfactory symptoms still. I believe there to be a steady and growing advance in the loyalty of the Indian people. When the late Queen Victoria died there was an outburst of sorrow throughout India almost equal to anything that you could see here in England. A little later, when the present King succeeded and we celebrated his Coronation at Delhi, there was a similar display of national feeling, not at Delhi alone, but in every village and hamlet throughout that vast continent. I know it has been the fashion in some quarters to deride that great ceremony at Delhi as a vain and unprofitable display. My Lord Mayor, if we spent about as much, and I do not think we spent more, in crowning the Emperor of 300,000,000 as you spent here in crowning the King of 42,000,000, I do not consider that we need reproach ourselves very much for our extravagance. But we did much more than that. Already the people of India knew and revered the Prince of Wales, because they had seen him. We brought home to them at Delhi that that Prince was now their ruler, and that in his rule were their security and salvation. We touched their hearts with the idea of a common sentiment and a common aim. Depend upon it, you will never rule the East except through the heart, and the moment imagination has gone out of your Asiatic policy your Empire will dwindle and decay. . . .

There is only one other feature of the situation to which I wish to allude, if you will bear with me, because it is in one sense the most important of all. I have been speaking to-day about the acts and symptoms of British rule in India. What is its basis? It is not military

force, it is not civil authority, it is not prestige, though all these are part of it. If our rule is to last in India it must rest on a more solid basis. It must depend on the eternal moralities of righteousness and justice. This, I can assure you, is no mere phrase of the conventicle. The matter is too serious on the lips of a Governor-General of India for cant. Unless we can persuade the millions of India that we will give to them absolute justice as between man and man, equality before the law, freedom from tyranny and injustice and oppression, then our Empire will not touch their hearts and will fade away. . . . Harshness, oppression, ill-usage, all these in India are offences, not only against the higher law, but against the honour and reputation of the ruling race. I am as strong a believer as any man in the prestige of my countrymen. But that prestige does not require artificial supports; it rests upon conduct and conduct alone. My precept in this respect does not differ from my practice. During the time that I have been in India the Government have taken a strong stand for the fair treatment of our Indian fellow-subjects, who are equal with us in the eyes of God and the law. I rejoice to say that the conduct of Englishmen in general in India towards the Indians is exemplary, even in trying and provocative circumstances; but where exceptions occur I think that the sentiment of the majority should be as quick to condemn them as is their conduct, and that the Government, which is above race or party, and against whom any injustice is a reproach and a slur, should receive the unhesitating support of the entire community. That is the policy which the Government has pursued in my time, and by my conduct, my Lord Mayor and Gentlemen, I am willing to be judged.

I will now bring these remarks to a close. It is seven-

teen years since I first visited India; it is fourteen years since I first had the honour of being connected with its administration. India was the first love, and throughout all that time it has been the main love, of my political life. I have given to it some of my best years. Perhaps I may be privileged to give it yet more. But no man could do this unless he saw before India a larger vision or were himself inspired with a fuller hope. If our Empire were to end to-morrow, I do not think that we need be ashamed of its epitaph. It would have done its duty to India, and justified its mission to mankind. But it is not going to end. It is not a moribund organism. It is still in its youth, and has in it the vitality of an unexhausted purpose. I am not with the pessimists in this matter. I am not one of those who think that we have built a mere fragile plank between the East and West which the roaring tides of Asia will presently sweep away. I do not think that our work is over or that it is drawing to an end. On the contrary, as the years roll by the call seems to me more clear, the duty more imperative, the work more majestic, the goal more sublime. I believe that we have it in our power to weld the people of India to a unity greater than any they have hitherto dreamed of, and to give them blessings beyond any that they now enjoy.

SPEECH ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH OF DERBY, ON JULY 28, 1904¹

. . . To me it has always seemed a remarkable thing that the three most powerful intellects in the sphere of British politics that have ever seriously devoted themselves to the study of Indian problems should all have been so wrong in their verdicts, and, as it seems to me, all for the same reason. I speak of Burke, Macaulay, and Bright. The
 * eloquence of Burke poured like a stream of lava across the whole field of Indian administration. But it very often scorched and disfigured quite as much as it illumined what it touched, and his presentation of the Indian incidents of his day, whatever it be as rhetoric or as literature—and in my view it is magnificent as both—was most certainly not history. Then fifty years later we come to Macaulay. Just now I mentioned to you the name of Warren Hastings, and I said with truth that Warren Hastings was a man greatly to be pitied, and perhaps chiefly to be pitied for this: During his lifetime he was exposed to the passionate and unjust invective of Burke, and when he died and all this calumny ought to have been hushed in the grave, his reputation was, so to speak, exhumed again, and subjected to the unfair and

¹ From *Speeches on India*, by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, July-August 1904 (John Murray, 1904).

partisan censure of Macaulay. Lord Macaulay rendered great service to India, particularly in the domain of law and education. He did what men of genius almost invariably do. He made everything round him palpitate and glow with the reflex of his own intellectual force. But his Essays, which I suppose are the foundation of all that nine out of ten of us in this hall know about India, contained quite as much fiction as fact, and are often most vexatiously inaccurate and misleading. Finally, we come to the time of John Bright. His views about India, which I shall briefly mention to you in illustration of the position that I take up, were, in some respects, the most erroneous of all. I do not allude to the picture that Mr. Bright drew of the Government of India in his day, though I believe it to have been grossly exaggerated. . . . I think that his forecasts were even more erroneous than his opinions. He held that the post of Governor-General was one so high and so great that it ought not to be filled by any subject of the Crown, and he laid down that the indispensable preliminary to the good government of India was the abolition of that post. I should not be addressing you this afternoon if that advice had been followed, although it is not on personal, so much as on public, grounds that I greatly rejoice that it was never done. He went on to say that the only way by which good government could be secured in India was to split up that country into a number of separate presidencies or provinces, each with a separate and almost independent Government, and with a separate army of its own. I greatly rejoice that that advice was never carried out. I believe it would have been almost disastrous in its results. In 1858 he said: "The immense Empire that has been conquered by you in India is too vast for management; its base is in decay." When he spoke

those words the population of India was 150 millions; it is now 295 millions. When he spoke, the revenues of India were 30 millions; they are now nearly 80 millions. And yet the Empire of India is no nearer dissolution than it was in his time. On the contrary, I think it is a great deal further from it; and so far from its foundations being based in decay, I believe that every year that passes it is striking its roots deeper and deeper into the soil.

Then I come—and I have only one more quotation—to the famous passage in which he said: “Does any man with the smallest glimmering of common sense believe that so great a country, with its twenty different nations, and its twenty languages, can ever be bound up and consolidated into one compact and enduring Empire? I believe such a thing [he said] to be utterly impossible; we must fail in the attempt if ever we make it.” Well, we have added a good many nations and a good many languages to that Empire since then, and I am here to-day to say that in my opinion, and, I believe, in the opinion of most of those who know anything about India and who have worked with me during the past five years, that which Mr. Bright regarded as an utter impossibility is neither a chimera nor a dream. Let me at once concede the extreme difficulty of the task. I do not say that we have attained our goal. Perhaps we are not even in sight of it. It is impossible to produce absolute unity among 300 millions of people. Sir Henry Bemrose alluded in his remarks to the speech which I made the other day at the Guildhall. In that speech I said something about our rule in India covering the whole space between barbarism at one end and civilisation at the other. Let me tell you a little story which, in a parable, will indicate that which otherwise might take a great

many words. I remember hearing of an English sportsman in India who examined the arrows in the quiver of a native *shikari* belonging to one of the aboriginal tribes. He found the first arrow tipped with stone—a relic of the neolithic age; the next arrow was tipped with electric telegraph wire, a theft from the twentieth century. That story is typical of the whole of India. It conveys to you the amazing synthesis of anthropology, of history, of human experience, which is gathered within the boundaries of that great area. You may imagine that with a people so diversified, representing such opposite poles of creed and civilisation, complete unity is a thing which we cannot aspire to produce. India must always remain a constellation rather than a single star, must always be a continent rather than a country, a congeries of races rather than a single nation. But we are creating ties of unity among those widely diversified peoples, we are consolidating those vast and outspread territories, and, what is more important, we are going forward instead of backward. It is not a stationary, a retrograde, a down-trodden, or an impoverished India that I have been governing for the past five and a half years. Poverty there is in abundance. I defy any one to show me a great and populous country, or a great and populous city, where it does not exist. Misery and destitution there are. The question is not whether they exist, but whether they are growing more or growing less. In India, where you deal with so vast a canvas, I dare say the lights and shades of human experience are more vivid and more dramatic than elsewhere. But if you compare the India of to-day with the India of any previous period of history—the India of Alexander, of Asoka, of Akbar, or of Aurungzeb—you will find greater peace and tranquillity, more widely diffused comfort and

contentment, superior justice and humanity, and higher standards of material well-being, than that great dependency has ever previously attained.

I am sometimes lost in amazement at those critics who fail to see these things, who protest to us that our rule in India is ruining the country and crushing the people; and I am still more amazed when I reflect that that class of critic is, as a rule, to be found among a small set of my own countrymen. . . . If it were strangers or foreigners or outsiders who held these views, and announced to us that our rule in India was a failure and a crime, we perhaps should not be so much surprised; we might attribute it to jealousy, or ignorance, or suspicion. But the very reverse is the case, and sometimes while I am reading the almost ferocious diatribes of a small number of my own countrymen about the alleged iniquity of our rule in India, I am simultaneously receiving letters from thinkers and men of action in other countries asking me to tell them what is the secret of our wonderful and unparalleled success. Year after year a stream of intelligent foreigners comes to India from France, from Germany, from America, from distant Japan, to study our methods and to copy our institutions. Book after book records the results of their inquiries and the admiration which they feel at the results. I take heart when I feel that I can appeal to this enlightened international jury in justification of the work that the rulers of India are doing. And whenever you meet any of the critics of the class whom I am describing, I commend you to this particular form of confutation.

I am not so bold as to say that we make no mistakes in India. I dare say we make a great many. I am quite willing to claim a most liberal share for myself. Our rule is sometimes inflexible and harsh and unyielding, or,

if it is not so, it appears to be so to the people. . . . It is impossible to explain everything that we are doing in India, or to meet and to check every form of misapprehension and attack. Let me give you an illustration. It is widely believed in many parts of India that the Government has purposely introduced the plague into that country in order to decimate the population, and thereby to render our task of government more easy. Well, you will say to me, "A most extraordinary thing! But, of course, that can only apply to the very ignorant." Quite true. But the very ignorant are the enormous majority, the overwhelming majority, of the entire population. Even among the educated and intelligent classes, the most astonishing misconceptions prevail. For instance, if I take any particular branch of the administration and endeavour to reform it with the object of producing a higher state of efficiency and that alone, I find myself at once exposed to the charge that I am creating a number of unnecessary and lucrative billets to be filled by my countrymen from England. As if an administrator cares one snap what is the nationality of the man whom he wants for a post! What he wants is the best man for the post, and the work to be best done. . . .

For my own part I think the highest duty that a ruler of India can set before himself is to create, if I may so describe them, special interpreters between the people and ourselves, to explain our ideas to them and theirs to us. It is with this object that while I have been there I have done my best on all occasions to take the public into my confidence, and to explain to them what I have done or what I meditate doing. The one thing in governing an Asiatic country is to break down the barriers between the hearts and consciences of men; and

the man who can bring together the hearts of the peoples or races who are on either side of the barrier, and make them beat more closely together by a single pulsation, is a greater public benefactor than the conqueror of kingdoms.

LORD HALDANE

THE DEDICATED LIFE¹

² You are, most of you, the sons and daughters of parents whose care has been that you should have the higher education. Riches were not theirs. Perhaps a struggle has been necessary in order to give you your chance. Some of the best of you strive hard to lighten the burden and to make yourselves self-supporting. Bursaries and scholarships and employment in private teaching are the aids to which many of you look. Most of you have to content yourselves with necessities and cannot ask for luxuries, nor do the most eminent among you seek these. Learning is a jealous mistress. The life of the scholar makes more demand for concentration than any other life. He who would really live in the spirit of the classics must toil hard to attain that sense of easy mastery of their language which is vital to his endeavour. The mathematician and the physicist who seek to wield the potent instruments of the higher analysis, must labour long and devotedly. To contribute to the sum total of science by original research demands not only many hours of the day spent in the laboratory,

¹ From *Universities and National Life: Four Addresses to Students*, by Viscount Haldane (John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1912).

² A Rectorial Address delivered to the students of the University of Edinburgh on 10th January 1907.

but, as a rule, vast reading in addition, and that in several languages. . . .

And as it is with the finished scholar so it is even with the beginner. He is subject to the same temptations, is apt to be deflected by the same tendencies. Nothing but the passion for excellence, the domination of a single purpose which admits of no foreign intrusion, can suffice for him who would reach the heights. As the older man moulds his life in order that he may pursue his way apart from the distractions of the commonplace, so it is with the best students in the University. They live for their work, and as far as can be, for that alone. They choose their companions with a view to the stimulus of contact with a sympathetic mind. Social intercourse is a means to an end; and that end is the pursuit of the object for which the best kind of student has come to the University. His aim is to grow in mental stature and to enlarge his outlook. This he seeks after quite simply and without affectation, and the reason is that what he aims at is an end in itself, which he follows reverently and with single-minded devotion. I am speaking of men such as I used to observe daily in this University thirty years ago, and I doubt not—nay, I know—that the breed is not extinct, and that my native Scotland sends to-day to the portals of the old walls just such material as she did a generation since.

In no other way of life, not even in those which witness the busy chase after wealth and political power, is such concentration to be found as is required in the way of life of the genuine student. Whether he be professor or undergraduate, the same thing is demanded of him. He must train himself away from the idea of spending much time on amusement unconnected with

his work. His field of study may be wide; he may find rest in the very variety of what he is constantly exploring. But the level of effort must ever be high if he is to make the most of the short span of existence. Art is long, and Life is short. The night in which no man can work comes quickly enough to us all. . . .

Concentration has at all periods of the world's intellectual history been demanded of and freely given by the scholar. We learn from his example that when once the highest motives become operative they prove the most powerful of all. Just as men will die for their religion, so history proves that they will gladly lay their entire lives without reserve on the altar of learning. One sees this much more frequently than is currently realised in the Universities themselves. Youth is the time of idealism, and idealism is the most potent of motives. The student who is conscious that his opportunity has been purchased for him, not merely by his own sacrifices, but by sacrifices on the part of those who are nearest and dearest, has a strong stimulus to that idealism. That is one of the sources of strength in our Scottish Universities, the Universities of which Edinburgh presents a noble type. . . . I have known among my personal friends in this University such dedication of life as rivalled the best recorded in the biographies. When the passion for excellence is once in full swing, it knows no limits. It dominates as no baser passion can, for it is the outcome of the faith that can move mountains.

To my mind, the first problem in the organisation of a University ought to be how to encourage this kind of spirit. Noble characters are not numerous, but they are more numerous than we are generally aware. In every walk of life we may observe them if we have eyes

to see. Such nobility is the monopoly neither of peer nor of peasant. It belongs to human nature as such, and to that side of it which is divine. We may seek for it in the University as hopefully as we may seek for it elsewhere. When once found and recognised, it is potent by its example. Hero-worship is a cult for which the average Scottish student has large capacity.

And so it comes that it is not merely lecture-rooms and laboratories and libraries that are important. The places where those who are busy in the pursuit of different kinds of learning meet and observe each other are hardly less so. The union, the debating society, the talk with the fellow-pilgrim on the steep and narrow way, the friendship of those who are struggling to maintain a high level—these things all of them go to the making of the scholar; and we in the North may congratulate ourselves that they are in reality as open to us as is the case in the Universities of England and of the Continent.

Still, it is not the spirit of haughty contempt which moved Lucretius¹ to these burning and stinging words that should be ours. It is not enough to declare with him that the scholar finds nothing so sweet as to look down on those engaged in the battle of life, himself securely entrenched within the serene temple of wisdom, and to watch them struggling. Rather does the University exist to furnish forth a spirit and a learning more noble—the spirit and the learning that are available for the service of the State and the salvation of humanity. The highest is also the most real; and it is at once the calling and the privilege of the teacher to con-

¹ 95-52 B.C.

vince mankind in every walk of life that in seeking the highest of its kind, they are seeking what is also the most real of that kind. Whatever occupation in life the student chooses, be it that of the study or that of the market-place, he is the better the greater has been his contact with the true spirit of the University. At the very least he will have gained much if he has learned—as he can learn from the scholar alone—the intellectual humility that is born of the knowledge that teaches us our own limits and the infinity that lies beyond. . . .

It is the want of insight of the narrow mind that is the most common reason why apparently well-laid plans get wrecked. (The University training cannot by itself supply capacity; but it can stimulate and fashion talent, and, above all, it can redeem from the danger of contracted views.) Thus the University becomes a potent instrument for good to a community, the strength of which is measured by the capacity of the individuals who compose it. The University is the handmaid of the State, of which it is the microcosm—a community in which also there are rulers and ruled, and in which the corporate life is a moulding influence. And so we arrive at the truth, which is becoming yearly more and more clearly perceived, not here alone, but in other lands, that the State must see to the well-being and equipment of its Universities if it is to be furnished with the best quality in its citizens and in its servants. The veriest materialist cannot but be impressed when he looks around and sees the increasing part which science plays year by year in the struggle of the nations for supremacy. It is true that mere knowledge is not action; but it must not be forgotten that the transition to successful action is nowadays from knowledge, and not from ignorance. Things

are in our time too difficult and complicated to be practicable without the best equipment, and this is as much true of public affairs as it is the case in private life.

And now let us pass to yet deeper-going conclusions. If it be the ideal work of the Universities to produce men of the widest minds—men who are fit to lead as well as merely to organise—what must such men set before themselves? The actual is not merely infinite any more than it is merely finite. . . .

This great truth pervades every relation of life. "He who would accomplish anything must limit himself." The man who would lead others must himself be capable of renouncing. Not in some world apart, but here and now, in the duty, however humble, that lies nearest us, is the realisation of the higher self—the self that tends Godward—to be sought.

And this carries with it something more. To succeed is to throw one's whole strength into work; and if the work must always and everywhere involve the passage through the portal of renunciation, be special and even contracted, then the only life that for us human beings can be perfect is the life that is *dedicated*. I mean by the expression a "dedicated life" one that is with all its strength concentrated on a high purpose. Such a life may not seem to him who looks on only from outside to comprise every good. The purpose, though high, may be restricted. The end may never be attained. Yet the man is great, for the quality of his striving is great. "Lofty designs must close in like effects."

The first duty of life is to seek to comprehend clearly what our strength will let us accomplish, and then to do it with all our might. This may not, regarded from

outside, appear to the spectator to be the greatest of all possible careers, but the ideal career is the one in which we can be greatest according to the limits of our capacity. A life into which our whole strength is thrown, in which we look neither to the right nor to the left, if to do so is to lose sight of duty—such a life is a dedicated life. The forms may be manifold. The lives of all great men have been dedicated; singleness of purpose has dominated them throughout.

Thus it was with the life of a Socrates, a Spinoza, or a Newton; thus with the lives of men of action such as Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon. We may well see their limits; theirs was the sphere of what is human, the finite. But they concentrated on the accomplishment of a clearly conceived purpose, and worked with their whole strength, and the greatest of them threw that strength into the striving after what was noblest. They may have perished before their end appeared accomplished in time, and yet they have succeeded. The quality of their work lay in the very striving itself. . . .

The noblest of souls can find full satisfaction for his best aspirations in the sustained effort to do his duty in the work that lies at hand to the utmost that is in him. It is the function of education in the highest sense to teach him that there are latent in him possibilities beyond what he has dreamed of, and to develop in him capacities of which, without contact with the highest learning, he had never become aware. And so the University becomes, at its best, the place where the higher ends of life are made possible of attainment, where the finite and the infinite are found to come together. The wider our outlook, the more we

have assimilated the spirit of the teachers of other nations and other ages than our own, the more will the possibilities of action open to us, and the more real may become the choice of that high aim of man, the dedicated life.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE¹

² I HAVE taken as the title of this discourse, "The Soul of a People." The expression, "soul" has a pretty definite meaning. It does not signify to-day a sort of thing existing apart from the body, the *animula*, *vagula*, *blandula*³ of the Emperor Hadrian's⁴ famous verses. Nor has it its seat in any particular place in the body corporate. And just as this is true of the physical organism, so it is true of the State. The soul of a people is to be looked for in no one class or institution. The soul of a human being is the highest form of his activity, what permeates the members and makes their life consist in belonging to the whole of which they form parts. Separated from that whole they cannot live. Although it is nothing outside or detached from these parts or members of itself, it is everywhere present in them. It is their formative principle, their ideal, the end which they fulfil, and which determines them, not as a cause operating from without, but as a purpose working itself out within their course of development from birth to

¹ From *Universities and National Life*; Four Addresses to Students, by Viscount Haldane (John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1912).

² An Address delivered to the students of the University College of Wales, at Aberystwyth, on 14th October 1910.

³ Little vagrant, pleasant, soul.

⁴ Roman emperor, 117-138 A.D.

death. It preserves the unity of the organism and guides it along that course, notwithstanding that the material of that organism does not remain the same but is constantly changing. It is the higher and intelligent life of the organism without which it could not be a human being. More than two thousand years ago Aristotle discovered this truth, and called the soul the "entelechy"¹ of the body.

Now what is true of the human organism is true of the State. The soul of a people is just its entelechy, and the higher manifestations of its soul afford a test of the standard of civilisation to which that people has attained. The capacity for learning and the consequent development of the University spirit are of course no exclusive test. Literature and art, science and religion, may advance independently of Universities. But on the whole, and as a rule, the development proceeds *pari passu*.

And to maintain the Universities of the country at a high level is thus an act of high patriotism on the part of the citizens. But not only the citizen but the student himself has a deep responsibility here. When the latter goes to the University, he is an adult and is treated as being such. He has consequently not only rights as a member of the University, but duties towards the institution to which he belongs. It is his privilege to be called on to keep high the level of its tone, and to contribute ideas for its development. To each student comes the opportunity for influencing those around him; in other words, for leadership. Moving his fellow-students individually he moves the University, and so in the end moves the State itself. Therefore

¹ Actuality, real being.

I would impress on you who are here before me the reality of your duty and of its importance. Your way is clear—to get the best you can for yourselves in this generally unique period of your lives, and to strive with all your power to make the fullest use of what you have got, and to impart it to those around you. It is so that you will begin to fulfil the duty you have to discharge now, and will have to discharge still more later on in life—of striving to develop the soul of the people to whom you belong.

To the question how you may best equip yourselves for this endeavour, my answer is an old one—By getting ideas, ideas which, as has been said, have hands and feet, ideas which not only transform that on which they are brought to bear, but in doing so expand themselves and their meaning. For nothing is so expansive as the train of thought suggested by an idea that is really great; and, if it has once been fully grasped, nothing transforms the whole outlook in the fashion that its suggestive power does.

Now, to get great ideas we require great teachers. These teachers may be living persons with whom we come in daily contact, or they may be dead and yet teach us through great books which they have given to the world. In whichever way it comes, the teaching required is that which guides to a large outlook and to none but a large outlook. Yet after all it is only to a limited extent that the teacher, be he living or one who though dead yet speaks, can mould his student. There is no royal road to learning. The higher it is the harder is the toil of the spirit that is required for its attainment. But this toil brings with it happiness. As we advance along the path we see more and

more new territory to traverse, new heights to scale, heights which are accessible only by patient labour, but the scaling of which promises us a new sense of possession.

In all this there is much of the sweet in sad and the sad in sweet. Yet the mere endeavour, even apart from the result, brings its reward. There is a passage in *Romola* in which George Eliot describes this kind of experience of the scholar:

"We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man—by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good."

For him who seeks to live at the higher levels of life, be it in learning or in art or in conduct, adversity has its uses. It detaches his mind, and develops in it the sense of that freedom that can only come when the spirit is tied to no one particular possession, but has grown everywhere capable of rising to freedom. It is hard for the rich man, who cannot free himself from the obsession of his riches and treat them as a means to an end, to reach the kingdom of heaven. On the other hand, the mind that is really free is the mind that chooses to submit itself to toil and discipline, to renounce much, and to pursue its course, not as an arbitrary course, but as one of self-development in accordance with law and principle. If we would succeed, nay, if we would be free from what is the worst burden of all, slavery to an arbitrary will which seeks only the

gratification of its immediate impulses, we must learn to renounce and to limit ourselves. We must accept the negative, not to sit down helpless before it, but to rise above it to a larger outlook brought about by what we started from being enriched by its incorporation.

Just as the body grows by assimilating inorganic and foreign material from the environment and transforming it to its own uses, just as the social organism develops in proportion as it gives rights to new classes of citizens and brings within itself and raises to a higher level and sense of responsibility those who in a previous generation would have been treated as unworthy of civil rights, so the mind of the scholar grows. It grows in strength and breadth as it assimilates what it costs a hard struggle and much renunciation of passing pleasure to grasp. . . .

No one can in our time accomplish the production of any solid contribution to the common stock of ideas unless he is prepared to devote years to preparing himself and his whole soul for work which will be his chief interest and chief amusement. I do not mean that he will look on golf as a penance, but equally he will not feel it to be a temptation. These diversions had better not be left to become ends in themselves. They are apt to take a very firm hold on us Britons, a race peculiarly qualified to identify life with sport. But life is short, and there is too much to be got into it, if it is to be fully lived, to admit of anything being made its chief end, consciously or unconsciously, except that which weighs most when put into the ultimate balance. It is quality as well as quantity that counts.

What we have really got to do, all of us, is to keep keen our sense of fine quality. This sense is easily blunted. . . . The surest way is to select, and concentrate on what is selected, and then to follow up that concentration by trying to work with passion. Without passion, said a famous critic of life, nothing great has ever been accomplished. It is no very different saying from one which is better known, that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Of course, in talking to you who are here, when I speak of selecting an object of study and concentrating on it with passion, I do not mean *any* object. I mean one which, being your free choice, is high enough in quality to admit of the dedication of life to it—for a time or indefinitely. And here there is another snare to be avoided. Narrow and abstract views, alike in the selection of the object and in the pursuit of its study, have to be avoided. The sense of proportion must be present in the mind of the most faithful of students, if he is not to be preyed on by the imps of Comedy. That is why it is good to have before one's mind the figure of some great man who has been above this kind of criticism, in that his life and his study have been so simple and transparent that we are compelled not only to admire but even to reverence them. A Berkeley, a Newton, or a Darwin gives one this sense. Their striving seems so genuine as to suggest unconsciousness not only of any personal ambition but even of self. It is figures like these that inspire the University student, and that suggest to him great ideas. In the books they have written, and in the traditions of their personal lives, he finds leadership. In close spiritual contact with such figures he gains the inspiration which will in his own

way make him a leader in some circle which may be great or may be small, but which will look to him who is thus inspired as a leader. By such examples, and through the training which close spiritual contact with such examples gives, the soul of a people grows.

LORD MORLEY

APHORISMS¹

THERE is a loud cry in these days for clues that shall guide the plain man through the vast bewildering labyrinth of printed volumes. Everybody calls for hints what to read, and what to look out for in reading. Like all the rest of us, I have often been asked for a list of the hundred best books, and the other day a gentleman wrote to me to give him by return of post that far more difficult thing—a list of the three best books in the world. Both the hundred and the three are a task far too high for me; but perhaps you will let me try to indicate what, among so much else, is one of the things best worth hunting for in books, and one of the quarters of the library where you may get on the scent. Though tranquil, it will be my fault if you find the hour dull, for this particular literary chapter concerns life, manners, society, conduct, human nature, our aims, our ideals, and all besides that is most animated and most interesting in man's busy chase after happiness and wisdom.

✓ What is wisdom? That sovereign word, as has often been pointed out, is used for two different things. It may stand for knowledge, learning, science, systematic

¹ From "Aphorisms": an Address delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, November 11, 1887, by John Morley (Macmillans, 1887).

reasoning; or it may mean, as Coleridge has defined it, common sense in an uncommon degree; that is to say, the unsystematic truths that come to shrewd, penetrating, and observant minds, from their own experience of life and their daily commerce with the world, and that is called the wisdom of life, or the wisdom of the world, or the wisdom of time and the ages. . . .

Mill, in his little fragment on "Aphorisms," has said that in the first kind of wisdom every age in which science flourishes ought to surpass the ages that have gone before. In knowledge and methods of science each generation starts from the point at which its predecessor left off; but in the wisdom of life, in the maxims of good sense applied to public and to private conduct, there is, said Mill, a pretty nearly equal amount in all ages.

If this seem doubtful to anyone, let him think how many of the shrewdest moralities of human nature are to be found in writings as ancient as the apocryphal Book of the Wisdom of Solomon and of Jesus the Son of Sirach; as *Æsop's Fables*; as the oracular sentences that are to be found in Homer and the Greek dramatists and orators; as all that immense host of wise and pithy saws which, to the number of between four and five thousand, were collected from all ancient literature by the industry of Erasmus in his great folio of *Adages*. As we turn over these pages of old time, we almost feel that those are right who tell us that everything has been said, that the thing that has been is the thing that shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Even so, we are happily not bound to Schopenhauer's gloomy conclusion (*Werke*, v. 332), that "The wise men of all times have always said the same, and the fools,

that is the immense majority, of all times, have always done the same, that is, to say the opposite of what the wise have said; and that is why Voltaire tells us that we shall leave this world just as stupid and as bad as we found it when we came here."

It is natural that this second kind of wisdom, being detached and unsystematic, should embody itself in the short and pregnant form of proverb, sentence, maxim, and aphorism. The essence of aphorism is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation; its distinction is not so much ingenuity as good sense brought to a point; it ought to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other. These wise sayings, said Bacon, the author of some of the wisest of them, are not only for ornament, but for action and business, having a point or edge, whereby knots in business are pierced and discovered. And he applauds Cicero's description of such sayings as saltpits,—that you may extract salt out of them, and sprinkle it where you will. They are the guiding oracles which man has found out for himself in that great business of ours, of learning how to be, to do, to do without, and to depart. Their range extends from prudential kitchen maxims, such as Franklin set forth in the sayings of Poor Richard about thrift in time and money, up to such great and high moralities of life as are the prose maxims of Goethe,—just as Bacon's Essays extend from precepts as to building and planting, up to solemn reflections on truth, death, and the vicissitudes of things. They cover the whole field of a man as he is, and life as it is, not of either as they ought to be; friendship, ambition, money, studies, business, public duty, in all

their actual laws and conditions as they are, and not as the ideal moralist may wish that they were.

The substance of the wisdom of life must be commonplace, for the best of it is the result of the common experience of the world. Its most universal and important propositions must in a certain sense be truisms. The road has been so broadly trodden by the hosts who have travelled along it, that the main rules of the journey are clear enough, and we all know that the secret of breakdown and wreck is seldom so much an insufficient knowledge of the route as imperfect discipline of the will. The truism, however, and the commonplace may be stated in a form so fresh, pungent, and free from triviality, as to have all the force of a new discovery. Hence the need for a caution, that few maxims are to be taken without qualification. They seek sharpness of impression by excluding one side of the matter and exaggerating another, and most aphorisms are to be read as subject to all sorts of limits, conditions, and corrections.

It has been said that the order of our knowledge is this, that we know best, first, what we have divined by native instinct; second, what we have learned by experience of men and things; third, what we have learned not in books, but by books—that is, by the reflections that they suggest; fourth, last and lowest, what we have learned in books or with masters. The virtue of an aphorism comes under the third of these heads: it conveys a portion of a truth with such point as to set us thinking on what remains. Montaigne,¹ who delighted in Plutarch,² and kept him ever on his table, praises him in that besides his long discourses, “there are a thousand others, which he has only touched and glanced

¹ 1533–1589.

² 50–120 A.D.

upon, where he only points with his finger to direct us which way we may go if we will, and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk hit in the nicest article of the question, from whence we are to grope out the rest." And this is what Plutarch himself is driving at, when he warns young men that it is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but by no means to tarry by it, instead of kindling a torch of their own.

Grammarians draw a distinction between a maxim and an aphorism, and tell us that while an aphorism only states some broad truths of general bearing, a maxim, besides stating the truth, enjoins a rule of conduct as its consequence. For instance, to say that "There are some men with just imagination enough to spoil their judgment" is an aphorism. But there is action as well as thought in such sayings as this: "'Tis a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise"; or in this of M. Aurelius,¹ "When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third." Again, according to this distinction of the word, we are to give the name of aphorism to Pascal's² saying that "Most of the mischief in the world would never happen, if men would only be content to sit still in their parlours."³ But we are to give the name of maxim to the great and admirable counsel of a philosopher of a very different school, that "If you would love mankind, you should not expect too much from them."

¹ Marcus Aurelius, the Roman emperor and Stoic philosopher, 121-180 A.D.

² 1623-1662.

³ La Bruyère also says.—"All mischief comes from our not being able to be alone; hence play, luxury, dissipation, wine, ignorance, calumny, envy, forgetfulness of one's self and of God."

But the distinction is one without much difference; we need not labour it nor pay it further attention. Aphorism or maxim, let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books, at least in prose, are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the great objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books.

A great living painter has said, that the longer he works, the more does he realise how very little anybody except the trained artist actually perceives in the natural objects constantly before him; how blind men are to impressions of colour and light and form, which would be full of interest and delight, if people only knew how to see them. Are not most of us just as blind to the thousand lights and shades in the men and women around us? We live in the world as we live among fellow-inmates in a hotel, or fellow-revellers at a masquerade. Yet this, to bring knowledge of ourselves and others "home to our business and our bosoms," is one of the most important parts of culture.

Some prejudice is attached in generous minds to this wisdom of the world as being egotistical, poor, unimaginative, of the earth earthy. . . . It is right, too, that the great poets, the ideal interpreters of life, should be dearer to us than those who stop short with mere deciphering of what is real and actual. The poet has his own sphere of the beautiful and the sublime. But it is no less true that the enduring weight of historian, moralist, political orator, or preacher, depends on the amount of the wisdom of life that is hived in his pages. They may be admirable by virtue of other qualities, by learning, by grasp, by majesty of flight; but it is his

moral sentences on mankind or the State, that rank the prose writer among the sages. These show that he has an eye for the great truths of action, for the permanent bearings of conduct, and for things that are for the guidance of all generations. What is it that makes Plutarch's Lives "the pasture of great souls," as they were called by one who was herself a great soul? Because his aim was much less to tell a story than, as he says, "to decipher the man and his nature"; and in deciphering the man, to strike out many pregnant and fruitful thoughts on all men. . . .

Bacon's admonitions have a depth and copiousness that are all his own. He says that the knowledge of advancement in life, though abundantly practised, had not been sufficiently handled in books, and so he here lays down the precepts for what he calls the *Architecture of Fortune*. They constitute the description of a man who is politic for his own fortune, and show how he may best shape a character that will attain the ends of fortune.

First, A man should accustom his mind to judge of the proportion and value of all things as they conduce to his fortune and ends.

Second, Not to undertake things beyond his strength, nor to row against the stream.

Third, Not to wait for occasions always, but sometimes to challenge and induce them, according to that saying of Demosthenes: "In the same manner as it is a received principle that the general should lead the army, so should wise men lead affairs," causing things to be done which they think good, and not themselves waiting upon events.

Fourth, Not to take up anything which of necessity forestalls a great quantity of time, but to have this sound ever ringing in our ears: "Time is flying—time that can never be retrieved."

Fifth, Not to engage one's self too peremptorily in anything, but ever to have either a window open to fly out at, or a secret way to retire by.

Sixth, To follow that ancient precept, not construed to any point of perfidiousness, but only to caution and moderation, that we are to treat our friend as if he might one day be a foe, and our foe as if he should one day be a friend.

All these Bacon called the good arts, as distinguished from the evil arts which had been described years before by Machiavelli¹ in his famous book *The Prince*, and also in his *Discourses*. Bacon called Machiavelli's sayings depraved and pernicious, and a corrupt wisdom, as indeed they are. He was conscious that his own maxims, too, stood in some need of elevation and of correction, for he winds up with wise warnings against being carried away by a whirlwind or tempest of ambition; by the general reminder that all things are vanity and vexation of spirit, and the particular reminder that, "Being without well-being is a curse, and the greater being, the greater curse," and that "all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished in itself"; by the question, whether this incessant, restless, and, as it were, Sabbathless pursuit of fortune, leaves time for holier duties, and what advantage it is to have a face erected towards heaven, with a spirit perpetually grovelling upon earth, eating dust like a serpent; and finally, he says that it will not be amiss for men in this eager and excited chase of fortune, to cool themselves a little with that conceit of Charles V.² in his instructions to his son, that "Fortune hath somewhat of the nature of a woman, who, if she be too closely wooed, is commonly the further off."

¹ 1469-1527.

² Holy Roman Emperor, 1519-1558.

There is Baconian humour as well as a curious shrewdness in such an admonition as that which I will here transcribe, and there are many like it:—

“It is therefore no unimportant attribute of prudence in a man to be able to set forth to advantage before others, with grace and skill, his virtues, fortunes, and merits (which may be done without arrogance or breeding disgust); and again, to cover artificially his weaknesses, defects, misfortunes, and disgraces; dwelling upon the former and turning them to the light, sliding from the latter or explaining them away by apt interpretations and the like. Tacitus says of Mucianus, the wisest and most active politician of his time, ‘That he had a certain art of setting forth to advantage everything he said or did.’ And it requires indeed some art, lest it become wearisome and contemptible; but yet it is true that ostentation, though carried to the first degree of vanity, is rather a vice in morals than in policy. For as it is said of calumny, ‘Calumniate boldly, for some of it will stick,’ so it may be said of ostentation (except it be in a ridiculous degree of deformity), ‘Boldly sound your own praises, and some of them will stick.’ It will stick with the more ignorant and the populace, though men of wisdom may smile at it; and the reputation won with many will amply countervail the disdain of a few. . . . And surely no small number of those who are of a solid nature, and who, from the want of this ventosity, cannot spread all sail in pursuit of their own honour, suffer some prejudice and lose dignity by their moderation.”

Nobody need go to such writings as these for moral dignity or moral energy. They have no place in that nobler literature, from Epictetus¹ and Marcus Aurelius downwards, which lights up the young soul with generous aims, and fires it with the love of all excellence. Yet the

¹ The Stoic philosopher, first century A.D.

most heroic cannot do without a dose of circumspection. The counsels of old Polonius to Laertes are less sublime than Hamlet's soliloquy, but they have their place. Bacon's chapters are a manual of circumspection, whether we choose to give to circumspection a high or a low rank in the list of virtues. Bacon knew of the famous city which had three gates, and on the first the horseman read inscribed, "Be bold;" and on the second gate yet again, "Be bold, and evermore be bold;" and on the third it was written, "Be not too bold." . . .

We feel that La Bruyère,¹ though retiring, studious, meditative, and self-contained, has complied with the essential condition of looking at life and men themselves, and with his own eyes. His aphoristic sayings are the least important part of him, but here are one or two examples:—

"Eminent posts make great men greater, and little men less."

"There is in some men a certain mediocrity of mind that helps to make them wise."

"The flatterer has not a sufficiently good opinion either of himself or others."

"People from the provinces and fools are always ready to take offence, and to suppose that you are laughing at them: we should never risk a pleasantry, except with well-bred people, and people with brains."

"All confidence is dangerous, unless it is complete: there are few circumstances in which it is not best either to hide all or tell all."

"When the people is in a state of agitation, we do not see how quiet is to return; and when it is tranquil, we do not see how the quiet is to be disturbed."

"Men count for almost nothing the virtues of the heart,

¹ 1645–1696.

and idolise gifts of body or intellect. The man who quite coolly, and with no idea that he is offending modesty, says that he is kind-hearted, constant, faithful, sincere, fair, grateful, would not dare to say that he is quick and clever, that he has fine teeth and a delicate skin."

I will say nothing of Rivarol,¹ a caustic wit of the revolutionary time, nor of Joubert,² a writer of sayings of this century, of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has said all that needs saying. He is delicate, refined, acute, but his thoughts were fostered in the hothouse of a coterie, and have none of the salt and sapid flavour that comes to more masculine spirits from active contact with the world.

I should prefer to close this survey in the sunnier moral climate of Vauvenargues.³ His own life was a pathetic failure in all the aims of outer circumstance. The chances of fortune and of health persistently baulked him, but from each stroke he rose up again, with undimmed serenity and undaunted spirit. As blow fell upon blow, the sufferer held firmly to his incessant lesson, Be brave, persevere in the fight, struggle on, do not let go, think magnanimously of man and life, for man is good and life is affluent and fruitful. He died 140 years ago, leaving a little body of maxims behind him which, for tenderness, equanimity, cheerfulness, grace, sobriety, and hope, are not surpassed in prose literature. "One of the noblest qualities in our nature," he said, "is that we are able so easily to dispense with greater perfection."

"Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives."

"To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die."

¹ 1753-1801.

² 1754-1824.

³ 1715-1747.

"The first days of spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man."

"You must rouse in men a consciousness of their own prudence and strength if you would raise their character."

Just as Tocqueville¹ said: "He who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself."²

The best known of Vauvenargues' sayings, as it is the deepest and the broadest, is the far-reaching sentence already quoted, that "Great thoughts come from the heart." And this is the truth that shines out as we watch the voyagings of humanity from the "wide, grey, lampless depths" of time. Those have been greatest in thought who have been best endowed with faith, hope, sympathy, and the spirit of effort. And next to them come the great stern, mournful men, like Tacitus, Dante, Pascal, who, standing as far aloof from the soft poetic dejection of some of the moods of Shelley or Keats, as from the savage fury of Swift, watch with a prophet's indignation the heedless waste of faculty and opportunity, the triumph of paltry motive and paltry aim, as if we were the flies of a summer noon, which do more than any active malignity to distort the great lines, and to weaken or to frustrate the strong and healthy parts, of human nature. For practical purposes all these complaints of man are of as little avail as Johnson found the complaint that of the globe so large a space should be occupied by the uninhabitable ocean, encumbered by naked mountains, lost under barren sands, scorched by perpetual heat or petrified by perpetual frost, and so small a space be left for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of men.

¹ 1805-1859.

² The reader who cares to know more about Vauvenargues will find a chapter on him in the writer's *Miscellanies*, vol. ii.

When we have deducted, said Johnson, all the time that is absorbed in sleep, or appropriated to the other demands of nature, or the inevitable requirements of social intercourse, all that is torn from us by violence of disease, or imperceptibly stolen from us by languor, we may realise of how small a portion of our time we are truly masters. And the same consideration of the ceaseless and natural pre-occupations of men in the daily struggle, will reconcile the wise man to all the disappointments, delays, shortcomings of the world, without shaking the firmness of his own faith, or the intrepidity of his own purpose.

THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE LABOUR QUESTION¹

² IN the first place, in addressing an audience like this I do not have to say that the law of life is work, and that work in itself, so far from being a hardship, is a great blessing, provided, always, it is carried on under conditions which preserve a man's self-respect and which allow him to develop his own character and rear his children so that he and they, as well as the whole community of which he and they are part, may steadily move onward and upward. The idler, rich or poor, is at best a useless and is generally a noxious member of the community. To whom much has been given, from him much is rightfully expected, and a heavy burden of responsibility rests upon the man of means to justify by his actions the social conditions which have rendered it possible for him or his forefathers to accumulate and to keep the property he enjoys. He is not to be excused if he does not render full measure of service to the State and to the community at large. There are many ways in which this service can be rendered—in art, in literature, in philanthropy, as a statesman, as a soldier—but in some way he is in honour bound to render it, so that benefit

¹ From *The Strenuous Life*, by (the Hon.) Theodore Roosevelt (London, Alexander Moring, Ltd., 1910).

² Address at the Chicago Labour Day Picnic, September 3, 1900.

may accrue to his brethren who have been less favoured by ~~fortune~~ than he has been. In short, he must work, and work not only for himself, but for others. If he does not work, he fails not only in his duty to the rest of the community, but he ~~fails signally~~ in his duty to himself. There is no need of envying the idle. Ordinarily, we can afford to treat them with impatient contempt; for when they fail to do their duty they fail to get from life the highest and keenest pleasure that life can give.

To do our duty—that is the summing up of the whole matter. We must do our ~~duty~~ by ourselves and we must do our duty by our neighbours. Every good citizen, whatever his condition, owes his first service to those who are nearest to him, who are dependent upon him, to his wife and his children; next he owes his duty to his fellow-citizens, and this duty he must perform both to his individual neighbour and to the State, which is simply a form of expression for all his neighbours combined. He must keep his self-respect and exact the respect of others. It is eminently wise and proper to strive for such leisure in our lives as will give a chance for self-improvement; but woe to the man who seeks, or trains up his children to seek, idleness instead of the chance to do good work. No worse wrong can be done by a man to his children than to teach them to go through life endeavouring to ~~shirk~~ difficulties instead of meeting them and overcoming them. You men here in the West have built up this country not by seeking to avoid work, but by doing it well; not by ~~finching~~ from every difficulty, but by ~~triumphing~~ over each as it arose and making out of it a ~~stepping-stone~~ to further triumph.

We must all learn the two lessons—the lesson of self-help and the lesson of giving help to and receiving help

from our brother. There is not a man of us who does not sometimes slip, who does not sometimes need a helping hand; and woe to him who, when the chance comes, fails to stretch out that helping hand. Yet, though each man can and ought thus to be helped at times, he is lost beyond redemption if he becomes so dependent upon outside help that he feels that his own exertions are secondary. Any man at times will stumble, and it is, then our duty to lift him up and set him on his feet again; but no man can be permanently carried, for if he expects to be carried he shows that he is not worth carrying.

Before us loom industrial problems vast in their importance and their complexity. The last half-century has been one of extraordinary social and industrial development. The changes have been far-reaching; some of them for good, and some of them for evil. It is not given to the wisest of us to see into the future with absolute clearness. No man can be certain that he has found the entire solution of this infinitely great and intricate problem, and yet each man of us, if he would do his duty, must strive manfully so far as in him lies to help bring about that solution. It is not as yet possible to say what shall be the exact limit of influence allowed the State, or what limit shall be set to that right of individual initiative so dear to the heart of the American people. All we can say is that the need has been shown on the one hand for action by the people, in their collective capacity through the State, in many matters; that in other matters much can be done by associations of different groups of individuals, as in trade-unions and other organisations; and that in other matters it remains now as true as ever that final success will be for the man who trusts in the struggle only to

his cool head, his brave heart, and his strong right arm. There are spheres in which the State can properly act, and spheres in which a free field must be given to individual initiative.

Though the conditions of life have grown so puzzling in their complexity, though the changes have been so vast, yet we may remain absolutely sure of one thing, that now, as ever in the past, and as it ever will be in the future, there can be no substitute for the elemental virtues, for the elemental qualities to which we allude when we speak of a man as not only a good man but as emphatically a man. We can build up the standard of individual citizenship and individual well-being, we can raise the national standard and make it what it can and shall be made, only by each of us steadfastly keeping in mind that there can be no substitute for the world-old, humdrum, commonplace qualities of truth, justice and courage, thrift, industry, common sense, and genuine sympathy with and fellow-feeling for others. The nation is the aggregate of the individual composing it, and each Individual American ever raises the nation higher when he so conducts himself as to wrong no man, to suffer no wrong from others, and to show both his sturdy capacity for self-help and his readiness to extend a helping hand to the neighbour sinking under a burden too heavy for him to bear.

The one fact which all of us need to keep steadfastly before our eyes is the need that performance should square with promise if good work is to be done, whether in the industrial or in the political world. Nothing does more to promote mental dishonesty and moral insincerity than the habit either of promising the impossible, or of demanding the performance of the impossible, or, finally, of failing to keep a promise that

has been made; and it makes not the slightest difference whether it is a promise made on the stump or off the stump. Remember that there are two sides to the wrong thus committed. There is, first, the wrong of failing to keep a promise made, and, in the next place, there is the wrong of demanding the impossible, and therefore forcing or permitting weak or unscrupulous men to make a promise which they either know, or should know, cannot be kept. . . .

I thank you for listening to me. I have come here to-day not to preach to you, but partly to tell you how these matters look and seem to me, and partly to set forth certain facts which seem to me to show the essential community that there is among all of us who strive in good faith to do our duty as American citizens. No man can do his duty who does not work, and the work may take many different shapes, mental and physical; but of this you can rest assured, that this work can be done well for the nation only when each of us approaches his separate task, not only with the determination to do it, but with the knowledge that his fellow, when he in his turn does his task, has fundamentally the same rights and the same duties, and that while each must work for himself, yet each must also work for the common welfare of all.

On the whole, we shall all go up or go down together. Some may go up or go down further than others, but, disregarding special exceptions, the rule is that we must all share in common something of whatever adversity or whatever prosperity is in store for the nation as a whole. In the long run each section of the community will rise or fall as the community rises or falls. If hard times come to the nation, whether as the result of natural causes or because they are invited

by our own folly, all of us will suffer. Certain of us will suffer more, and others less, but all will suffer somewhat. If, on the other hand, under Providence, our own energy and good sense bring prosperity to us, all will share in that prosperity. We will not all share alike, but something each one of us will get. Let us strive to make the conditions of life such that as nearly as possible each man shall receive the share to which he is honestly entitled and no more; and let us remember at the same time that our efforts must be to build up, rather than to strike down, and that we can best help ourselves, not at the expense of others, but by heartily working with them for the common good of each and all.

MANHOOD AND STATEHOOD¹

²SURELY you men of the West, you men who with stout heart, cool head, and ready hand have wrought out your own success and built up these great new commonwealths, surely you need no reminder of the fact that if either man or nation wishes to play a great part in the world there must be no dallying with the life of lazy ease. In the abounding energy and intensity of existence in our mighty democratic republic there is small space indeed for the idler, for the luxury-loving man who prizes ease more than hard, triumph-crowned effort.

We hold work not as a curse but as a blessing, and we regard the idler with scornful pity. It would be in the highest degree undesirable that we should all work in the same way or at the same things, and for the sake of the real greatness of the nation we should in the fullest and most cordial way recognise the fact that some of the most needed work must, from its very nature, be unremunerative in a material sense. Each man must choose so far as the conditions allow him the path to which he is bidden by his own peculiar powers and inclinations. But if he is

¹ From *The Strenuous Life: Essays and Addresses*, by (the Hon.) Theodore Roosevelt (London, Alexander Moring, Ltd., 1910).

² Address at the Quarter-Centennial Celebration of Statehood in Colorado, at Colorado Springs, August 2, 1901.

a man he must in some way or shape do a man's work. If, after making all the effort that his strength of body and of mind permits, he yet honourably fails, why, he is still entitled to a certain share of respect because he has made the effort. But if he does not make the effort, or if he makes it half-heartedly and recoils from the labour, the risk, or the irksome monotony of his task, why, he has forfeited all right to our respect, and has shown himself a mere cumberer of the earth. It is not given to us all to succeed, but it is given to us all to strive manfully to deserve success.

We need then the iron qualities that must go with true manhood. We need the positive virtues of resolution, of courage, of indomitable will, of power to do without shrinking the rough work that must always be done, and to persevere through the long days of slow progress or of seeming failure which always come before any final triumph, no matter how brilliant. But we need more than these qualities. This country cannot afford to have its sons less than men; but neither can it afford to have them other than good men. If courage and strength and intellect are unaccompanied by the moral purpose, the moral sense, they become merely forms of expression for unscrupulous force and unscrupulous cunning. If the strong man has not in him the lift toward lofty things his strength makes him only a curse to himself and to his neighbour. All this is true in private life, and it is no less true in public life. If Washington¹ and Lincoln² had not had in them the whipcord fibre of moral and mental strength, the soul that steels itself to endure disaster unshaken and with

¹ 1732-99.

² Abraham Lincoln, President during the American Civil War, 1861-65.

grim resolve to wrest victory from defeat, then the one could not have founded, nor the other preserved, our mighty federal Union. The least touch of flabbiness, of unhealthy softness, in either would have meant ruin for this nation, and therefore the downfall of the proudest hope of mankind. But no less is it true that had either been influenced by self-seeking ambition, by callous disregard of others, by contempt for the moral law, he would have dashed us down into the black gulf of failure. Woe to all of us if ever as a people we grow to condone evil because it is successful. We can no more afford to lose social and civic decency and honesty than we can afford to lose the qualities of courage and strength. It is the merest truism to say that the nation rests upon the individual, upon the family—upon individual manliness and womanliness, using the words in their widest and fullest meaning.

To be a good husband or good wife, a good neighbour and friend, to be hard-working and upright in business and social relations, to bring up many healthy children—to be and to do all this is to lay the foundations of good citizenship as they must be laid. But we cannot stop even with this. Each of us has not only his duty to himself, his family, and his neighbours, but his duty to the State and to the nation. We are in honour bound each to strive according to his or her strength to bring ever nearer the day when justice and wisdom shall obtain in public life as in private life. We cannot retain the full measure of our self-respect if we cannot retain pride in our citizenship. For the sake not only of ourselves but of our children and our children's children we must see that this nation stands for strength and honesty both at home and abroad. In our internal policy we cannot afford to rest satisfied until all that the government can

do has been done to secure fair dealing and equal justice as between man and man. In the great part which hereafter, whether we will or no, we must play in the world at large, let us see to it that we neither do wrong nor shrink from doing right because the right is difficult; that on the one hand we inflict no injury, and that on the other we have a due regard for the honour and the interest of our mighty nation; and that we keep unsullied the renown of the flag which beyond all others of the present time or of the ages of the past stands for confident faith in the future welfare and greatness of mankind.

LAW AND ORDER IN EGYPT¹

²It is to me a peculiar pleasure to speak to-day under such distinguished auspices as yours, Prince Fouad,³ before this National University, and it is of good augury for the great cause of higher education in Egypt that it should have enlisted the special interest of so distinguished and eminent a man. The Arabic-speaking world produced the great University of Cordova, which flourished a thousand years ago, and was a source of light and learning when the rest of Europe was either in twilight or darkness; in the centuries following the creation of that Spanish Moslem university, Arabic men of science, travellers, and geographers—such as the noteworthy African traveller Ibn Batutu,⁴ a copy of whose book, by the way, I saw yesterday in the library of the Alhazar⁵—were teachers whose works are still to be eagerly studied; and I trust that here we shall see the revival, and more than the revival, of the con-

¹ From *African and European Addresses*, by Theodore Roosevelt, with an Introduction by Lawrence F. Abbott (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1910).

² An Address before the National University in Cairo, March 28, 1910.

³ Prince Fouad is the uncle of the Khedive, a Mohammedan gentleman of education and enlightened views.—L. F. A.

⁴ 1304-1378 A.D.

⁵ The great Moslem University of Cairo, in which 9000 students study chiefly the Koran in mediæval fashion.—L. F. A.

ditions that made possible such contributions to the growth of civilisation.

This scheme of a National University is fraught with literally untold possibilities for good to your country. You have many rocks ahead of which you must steer clear; and because I am your earnest friend and well-wisher, I desire to point out one or two of these which it is necessary especially to avoid. In the first place, there is one point upon which I always lay stress in my own country, in your country, in all countries—the need of entire honesty as the only foundation on which it is safe to build. It is a prime essential that all who are in any way responsible for the beginnings of the University shall make it evident to every one that the management of the University, financial and otherwise, will be conducted with absolute honesty. Very much money will have to be raised and expended for this University in order to make it what it can and ought to be made; for, if properly managed, I firmly believe that it will become one of the greatest influences, and perhaps the very greatest influence, for good in all that part of the world where Mohammedanism is the leading religion; that is, in all those regions of the Orient, including North Africa and South-Western Asia, which stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the farther confines of India and to the hither provinces of China. This University should have a profound influence in all things educational, social, economic, industrial, throughout this whole region, because of the very fact of Egypt's immense strategic importance, so to speak, in the world of the Orient; an importance due partly to her geographical position, partly to other causes. Moreover, it is most fortunate that Egypt's present position is such that this University will enjoy a freedom hitherto unparalleled in the investigation

and testing out of all problems vital to the future of the peoples of the Orient.

Nor will the importance of this University be confined to the Orient. Egypt must necessarily from now on always occupy a similar strategic position as regards the peoples of the Occident, for she sits on one of the high-ways of the commerce that will flow in ever-increasing volume from Europe to the East. Those responsible for the management of this University should set before themselves a very high ideal. Not merely should it stand for the uplifting of all Mohammedan peoples and of all Christians and peoples of other religions who live in Mohammedan lands, but it should also carry its teaching and practice to such perfection as in the end to make it a factor in instructing the Occident. When a scholar is sufficiently apt, sufficiently sincere and intelligent, he always has before him the opportunity of eventually himself giving aid to the teachers from whom he has received aid.

Now, to make a good beginning towards the definite achievement of these high ends, it is essential that you should command respect and should be absolutely trusted. Make it felt that you will not tolerate the least little particle of financial crookedness in the raising or expenditure of any money, so that those who wish to give money to this deserving cause may feel entire confidence that their piastres will be well and honestly applied.

In the next place, show the same good faith, wisdom, and sincerity in your educational plans that you do in the financial management of the institution. Avoid sham and hollow pretence just as you avoid religious, racial, or political bigotry. You have much to learn from the universities of Europe and of my own land, but there is also in them not a little which it is well

to avoid. Copy what is good in them, but test in a critical spirit whatever you take, so as to be sure that you take only what is wisest and best for yourselves. More important even than avoiding any mere educational shortcoming is the avoidance of moral shortcoming. Students are already being sent to Europe to prepare themselves to return as professors. Such preparation is now essential, for it is of prime importance that the University should be familiar with what is being done in the best universities of Europe and America. But let the men who are sent be careful to bring back what is fine and good, what is essential to the highest kind of modern progress, and let them avoid what are the mere non-essentials of the present-day civilisation, and, above all, the vices of modern civilised nations. Let these men keep open minds. It would be a capital blunder to refuse to copy, and thereafter to adapt to your own needs, what has raised the Occident in the scale of power and justice and clean living. But it would be a no less capital blunder to copy what is cheap or trivial or vicious, or even what is merely wrongheaded. Let the men who go to Europe feel that they have much to learn and much also to avoid and reject; let them bring back the good and leave behind the discarded evil.

Remember that character is far more important than intellect, and that a really great university should strive to develop the qualities that go to make up character even more than the qualities that go to make up a highly trained mind. No man can reach the front rank if he is not intelligent and if he is not trained with intelligence; but mere intelligence by itself is worse than useless unless it is guided by an upright heart, unless there are also strength and courage behind it. Morality, decency, clean living, courage, manliness, self-

respect—these qualities are more important in the make-up of a people than any mental subtlety. Shape this University's course so that it shall help in the production of a constantly upward trend for all your people.

You should be always on your guard against one defect in Western education. There has been altogether too great a tendency in the higher schools of learning in the West to train men merely for literary, professional, and official positions; altogether too great a tendency to act as if a literary education were the only real education. I am exceedingly glad that you have already started industrial and agricultural schools in Egypt. A literary education is simply one of many different kinds of education, and it is not wise that more than a small percentage of the people of any country should have an exclusively literary education. The average man must either supplement it by another education, or else as soon as he has left an institution of learning, even though he has benefited by it, he must at once begin to train himself to do work along totally different lines. His Highness the Khedive, in the midst of his activities touching many phases of Egyptian life, has shown conspicuous wisdom, great foresight, and keen understanding of the needs of the country in the way in which he has devoted himself to its agricultural betterment, in the interest which he has taken in the improvement of cattle, crops, &c. You need in this country, as is the case in every other country, a certain number of men whose education shall fit them for the life of scholarship, or to become teachers or public officials. But it is a very unhealthy thing for any country for more than a small proportion of the strongest and best minds of the country to turn into such channels.

It is essential also to develop industrialism, to train people so that they can be cultivators of the soil in the largest sense on as successful a scale as the most successful lawyer or public man, to train them so that they shall be engineers, merchants—in short, men able to lead in all the various functions indispensable in a great modern civilised state. An honest, courageous, and far-sighted politician is a good thing in any country. But his usefulness will depend chiefly upon his being able to express the wishes of a population wherein the politician forms but a fragment of the leadership, where the business man and the landowner, the engineer and the man of technical knowledge, the men of a hundred different pursuits, represent the average type of leadership. No people has ever permanently amounted to anything if its only public leaders were clerks, politicians, and lawyers. The base, the foundation, of healthy life in any country, in any society, is necessarily composed of the men who do the actual productive work of the country, whether in tilling the soil, in the handicrafts, or in business; and it matters little whether they work with hands or head, although more and more we are growing to realise that it is a good thing to have the same man work with both head and hands. These men, in many different careers, do the work which is most important to the community's life; although, of course, it must be supplemented by the work of the other men whose education and activities are literary and scholastic, of the men who work in politics or law, or in literary and clerical positions.

Never forget that in any country the most important activities are the activities of the man who works with head or hands in the ordinary life of the community, whether he be handicraftsman, farmer, or business man

—no matter what his occupation, so long as it is useful, and no matter what his position, from the guiding intelligence at the top down all the way through, just as long as his work is good. I preach this to you here by the banks of the Nile, and it is the identical doctrine I preach no less earnestly by the banks of the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the Columbia.

Remember always that the securing of a substantial education, whether by the individual or by a people, is attained only by a process, not by an act. You can no more make a man really educated by giving him a certain curriculum of studies than you can make a people fit for self-government by giving it a paper constitution. The training of an individual so as to fit him to do good work in the world is a matter of years; just as the training of a nation to fit it successfully to fulfil the duties of self-government is a matter, not of a decade or two, but of generations. There are foolish empiricists who believe that the granting of a paper constitution, prefaced by some high-sounding declaration, of itself confers the power of self-government upon a people. This is never so. Nobody can "give" a people "self-government," any more than it is possible to "give" an individual "self-help." You know that the Arab proverb runs, "God helps those who help themselves." In the long run, the only permanent way by which an individual can be helped is to help him to help himself, and this is one of the things your University should inculcate. But it must be his own slow growth in character that is the final and determining factor in the problem.

So it is with a people. In the two Americas we have seen certain commonwealths rise and prosper greatly. We have also seen other commonwealths start under identically the same conditions, with the same freedom

and the same rights, the same guarantees, and yet have seen them fail miserably and lamentably, and sink into corruption and anarchy and tyranny, simply because the people for whom the constitution was made did not develop the qualities which alone would enable them to take advantage of it. With any people the essential quality to show is, not haste in grasping after a power which it is only too easy to misuse, but a slow, steady, resolute development of those substantial qualities, such as the love of justice, the love of fair play, the spirit of self-reliance, of moderation, which alone enable a people to govern themselves. In this long and even tedious but absolutely essential process, I believe your University will take an important part. When I was recently in the Sudan I heard a vernacular proverb, based on a text in the Koran, which is so apt that, although not an Arabic scholar, I shall attempt to repeat it in Arabic: "*Allah ma el saberin, izza sabaru*"—God is with the patient, *if they know how to wait*.¹

One essential feature of this process must be a spirit which will condemn every form of lawless evil, every form of envy and hatred, and, above all, hatred based upon religion or race. All good men, all the men of every nation whose respect is worth having, have been inexpressibly shocked by the recent assassination of Boutros Pasha. It was an even greater calamity for Egypt than it was a wrong to the individual himself. The type of man which turns out an assassin is a type possessing all the qualities most alien to good citizenship; the type

¹ This bit of Arabic, admirably pronounced by Mr. Roosevelt, surprised and pleased the audience as much as his acquaintance with the life and works of Ibn Batutu surprised and pleased the sheiks at the Moslem University two days before. Both Mr. Roosevelt's use of the Arabic tongue and his application of the proverb were greeted with prolonged applause.—L. F. A.

which produces poor soldiers in time of war and worse citizens in time of peace. Such a man stands on a pinnacle of evil infamy; and those who apologise for or condone his act, those who, by word or deed, directly or indirectly, encourage such an act in advance, or defend it afterwards, occupy the same bad eminence. It is of no consequence whether the assassin be a Moslem or a Christian or a man of no creed; whether the crime be committed in political strife or industrial warfare; whether it be an act hired by a rich man or performed by a poor man; whether it be committed under the pretence of preserving order or the pretence of obtaining liberty. It is equally abhorrent in the eyes of all decent men, and, in the long run, equally damaging to the very cause to which the assassin professes to be devoted.

Your University is a National University, and as such knows no creed. This is as it should be. When I speak of equality between Moslem and Christian, I speak as one who believes that where the Christian is more powerful he should be scrupulous in doing justice to the Moslem, exactly as under reverse conditions justice should be done by the Moslem to the Christian. In my own country we have in the Philippines Moslems as well as Christians. We do not tolerate for one moment any oppression by the one or by the other, any discrimination by the Government between them or failure to mete out the same justice to each, treating each man on his worth as a man, and behaving towards him as his conduct demands and deserves.

In short, gentlemen, I earnestly hope that all responsible for the beginnings of the University, which I trust will become one of the greatest and most powerful educational influences throughout the whole world, will feel it incumbent upon themselves to frown on every

form of wrong-doing, whether in the shape of injustice or corruption or lawlessness, and to stand with firmness, with good sense, and with courage, for those immutable principles of justice and merciful dealing as between man and man, without which there can never be the slightest growth towards a really fine and high civilisation.

LORD ROSEBERY

ROBERT BURNS¹

² WE are here to-day to celebrate Burns.³ What the direct connection of Burns with Glasgow may be I am not exactly sure; but, at any rate, I am confident of this, that in the great metropolis of the West there is a clear claim that we should celebrate the genius of Robert Burns. I have celebrated it already elsewhere.⁴ I cannot, perhaps, deny that the day has been a day of labour, but it has been a labour of love. It is, and it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of the world-wide passion of reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowd of man; in the backwood and in the swamp; where the sentinel paces the bleak frontier, and where the sailor smokes his evening pipe; and, above all, where

¹ From *Wallace, Burns, Stevenson: Appreciations by Lord Rosebery* (Stirling, Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place). [Reproduced from the reports of the *Glasgow Herald*, by permission of the Editor.]

² Address at Glasgow, July 21, 1896.

³ Died July 21, 1796.

⁴ At Dumfries.

the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack—the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns.

I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The *adsum* of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime.

It sometimes seems to me as if the whole eighteenth century was a constant preparation for, a constant working up to, the great drama of the revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the time arrives—the dark volcanic country; the hungry desperate people; the firefly nobles; the concentrated splendour of the Court—in the midst, in her place as heroine, the dazzling Queen.¹ And during long previous years brooding nature had been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way by seniority; then come Fox and Goethe; Nelson and Mozart; Schiller, Pitt, and Burns; Wellington and Napoleon. And among these Titans, Burns is a conspicuous figure, the figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. Napoleon looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers that Burns is supreme.

What is his secret? We are always discussing him

¹ Queen Marie Antoinette, 1755-93.

and endeavouring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medicinal baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained. But, at any rate, let us discuss him again. That is, I presume, our object to-night. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally perhaps more time than I. Pardon, then, the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has perhaps no right to attempt.

The clue to Burns's extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one; it has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have not time to consider it to-night. But I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes, simple; though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me, lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. But if I wished to prove my contention, I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. I know that profuse quotation is a familiar form of a Burns speech; but I am afraid to begin lest I should not end, and I am sure that I should not satisfy. I must proceed, then, in a more summary way.

Now, there seem to me to be two great natural forces in British literature. I use the safe adjective of British, and your applause shows me that I was right to do so. I use it partly because hardly any of Burns's poetry is strictly English; partly because he hated, and was perhaps the first to protest against, the use of the word English as including Scottish. Well, I say there are in that literature two great forces of which the power seems sheer inspiration and nothing else—Shakespeare and Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak

of that miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns.

Try and reconstruct Burns as he was. A peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara.

And remember that the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. "It will be the misfortune of Burns's reputation," writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, "in the records of literature, not only to future generations and foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet and nothing but a poet. . . . Poetry," she continues, "(I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him) was actually not his *forte*. . . . None certainly ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee." And she goes on to describe the almost superhuman fascination of his voice and of his eyes,

those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested.

It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone; but as to the magnetism of his presence and conversation there is only one verdict. "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon—the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart¹ says that "all faculties of Burns's mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus: "Their great and various excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances. The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more extraordinary of the two." "I think Burns," said Principal Robertson to a friend, "was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose." We are told, too, that "he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard him speak—and some of them were excellent judges—admitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and readiness of eloquence." All this seems to me marvellous. It surely ratifies the claim of inspiration without the necessity of quoting a line of his poetry.

¹ 1753–1828.

I pass, then, to his sympathy. If his talents were universal, his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was not a mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind except the cruel and the base. Nay, we may go further, and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and the despised part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent embodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility. But above all he saw the charm of the home; he recognised it as the basis of all society, he honoured it in its humblest form, for he knew, as few know, how unpretentiously, but how sincerely, the family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and esteem. "I recollect once," said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, "he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoky cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained." He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and the family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. "Have not I," he once wrote to Lord Mar, "a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more." The lines in which he tells his faith are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are:

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

His verses, then, go straight to the heart of every home; they appeal to every father and mother. But that is only the beginning, perhaps the foundation, of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he passes. The sore, the weary, the wounded, will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain, this eternal heart will still afford a resource. But he is not only for the poor in spirit. The friend, the lover, the patriot, will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere, and it is everywhere the touch of genius. Nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas,¹ may be said of his poetry: "He went out in all weathers." And it may be added that all weathers suited him; that he always brought back something precious, something we cherish, something that cannot die.

He is, then, I think, the universal friend in an unique sense. But he was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland, in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman, I mean Fletcher² of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, and Sir Christopher Musgrave, Fletcher writes: "I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's senti-

¹ Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, 1741-1811.

² Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, 1653-1716.

ment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This may be rudely paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than to frame its laws, and this, again, may be interpreted that in former days, at any rate in the days of Fletcher, and to the days of Burns, it is the familiar songs of a people that mould their thoughts, their manners, and their morals. If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that we Scotsmen owe to Burns? He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world; primarily to his country, and others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example, but that is a signal one. From distant Roumania the Queen of that country wrote to Dumfries to-day that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON¹

²IN taking this prominent position this afternoon, I feel to be somewhat of an impostor. I never knew or saw Robert Louis Stevenson³ face to face, and I am speaking among numbers here who knew him from childhood almost till he left this country for good. His mother is here. How, then, can I, in her presence and in the presence of those friends who knew him so well, pretend to take a prominent part on this occasion? My part was a perfectly simple one. I wrote to the papers a genuine inquiry. I could not believe that in this age of memorials and testimonials no stone or cairn had been put up to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. I should have been confident that such a memorial had been put up but for one trifling, though capital, circumstance—I had never been asked for a subscription; and therefore I came to the conclusion that there was grave doubts as to whether any such movement had taken place. Well, my inquiry has, I suppose, landed me in this chair. . . .

To-day is not the moment—we have not the time, and it would require a literary capacity to which I make no

¹ From *Wallace, Burns, Stevenson: Appreciations by Lord Rosebery* (Stirling, Eneas Mackay). [Reproduced from the reports of the *Glasgow Herald*, by permission of the Editor.]

² Address at Edinburgh, December 10, 1896.

³ Born in Edinburgh, 1850; died at Vailima, in the island of Upolu, Samoa, 1894.

pretence—to-day is not the opportunity to enter into any review of the works of Stevenson. But there are two or three points to which, as an outside reader, like yourselves, I must call your attention before I sit down. The first is the inimitable quality of his style. Now, the word style and stylist are apt perhaps in these days to raise a momentary prejudice as suggesting a style of writing which aims at words and phrases rather than at ideas; but Stevenson's style was not this. Stevenson's style was the man himself, and it was even more, perhaps, than the man himself. I copied out this morning for you the account he gives somewhere of the slow and painful steps by which he acquired the style we know so well. He says: "I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it, and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful. But at least in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Montaigne, to Beaudelaire, and Obermann." And to these he adds afterwards, in a later passage, Ruskin, Browning, Morris, Keats, Swinburne, Chaucer, Webster, Congreve, and Thackeray; and he sums it all by saying "that, like it or not, is the way to write." If a dullard was to pursue that practice which Stevenson enjoins, he would at the end of it be probably only a "sedulous ape." But with Stevenson there was the genius to mould what he had acquired by

painful practice. Mr. Fox said of Mr. Pitt that he himself (Mr. Fox) had always a command of words, but that Mr. Pitt had always the command of the right words, and that is a quality which strikes us so in the style of Stevenson. I do not know whether his method was easy or laborious. I strongly suspect it may have been laborious, but, whichever it was, he never was satisfied with any word which did not fully embody the idea that he had in his mind, and therefore you have in his style something suggestive, something musical, something pregnant, a splendid vehicle for whatever he had to say. . . .

It is a folly, it is a presumption, to try and animadvert even on the works of this great genius in so cursory a manner, but the greatness of his genius is urged against any proposal to commemorate it at this moment. We are told by those who are always critics and always objectors—and nothing in this world was ever done by critics and objectors—we are told by them that, after all, the works of Robert Louis Stevenson are his best memorials. In one sense that is undoubtedly true. No man of ancient or modern times since the beginning of the world has ever left behind him so splendid a collection of his works as has Robert Louis Stevenson—I mean not merely of what they contain, but the outward and visible form of them. But this objection, if it is worth anything, means this—that testimonials are to be confined to those who have done nothing to make themselves remembered. I know very well that the age is marching at such a pace in this direction that it will be a source of pride soon to man, woman, or child to say that they have never received a testimonial. The minister as he enters and as he quits his manse is hallowed by such presents; the faithful

railway porter who has been for five years at his post is honoured in the same way. No man who has lived a blameless life for ten or for twenty years can well avoid the shadow of this persecution. But, for all that, it is not for the sake of Robert Louis Stevenson that I would put up this memorial; it is for our own sake. I do not, at any rate, wish to belong to a generation of which it shall be said that they had this consummate being living and dying among them who did not recognise his splendour and his merit. I, at any rate, do not wish that some Burns shall hereafter come, as in the case of Fergusson, and with his own scanty means put up the memorial that Fergusson's¹ own generation was unwilling to raise.

Oh, but it is said, Why not wait ten, or twenty, or thirty years until time shall have hallowed and mellowed his reputation! Ten, or twenty, or thirty years! Who of us can afford to wait so long as that? How many of us in this hall will be alive in ten, or twenty, or thirty years? We cannot reckon on the morrow, and yet, forsooth, as a protection against our own sloth or our own parsimony, we are to relegate to a future generation, which shall then be the judge of the reputation of this great master—we are to leave it to a future generation to do what we are reluctant to do ourselves. I, at any rate, am not willing to take any such course. I am not willing that another day, or another week, or another month should pass over our heads without having taken some steps in the direction in which I am urging. What form any such memorial should take I cannot for my part decide. Those who knew Stevenson himself would, I think, be entitled to have the first voice in the matter. There is one thing which no one has suggested, and that

¹ Robert Fergusson, a Scottish poet, 1750–1774.

is an addition to our Edinburgh statues. It is a great thing that we should be able to walk about Edinburgh and see illustrious names on pedestals and something to commemorate them on these pedestals; but I think you will agree with me, without any disrespect for some of the sculptors who have executed those statues, that if those restless spirits that possessed the Gadarene swine were to enter into the statues of Edinburgh, and if the whole stony and brazen troop were to hurry and hustle and huddle headlong down the steepest place near Edinburgh into the deepest part of the Firth of Forth, art would have sustained no serious loss. We might regret not a few of the effigies that we should have lost, but, on the whole, the city would not be the loser. I see, I think, a pained protest from the Lord Provost on my right. He is the custodian of our arts. It is not likely that the spirits of which I have spoken will carry out my proposal, and therefore my opinion is a harmless one. But with regard to the memorial one point has struck me. There are two places in the world where Stevenson might fitly be commemorated; one is Edinburgh and one is Samoa. I suppose that in Samoa some sort of memorial is sure to be raised. But, gathering as I do Stevenson's tastes only from a perusal of his works, there seem to me to have been two passions in his life—one for Scotland, and in Scotland for Edinburgh, and one for the sea. It seems to me that, if some memorial could be raised which should appeal to his passion both for Edinburgh and for the sea, we should have done the best thing in carrying out what might have been his wishes in such a connection. But whether that be so or not, of one thing I am certain—that none of us here, if I may judge from the crowding of this hall and the attitude of this audience, are willing that the time shall pass without

some adequate memorial being raised. That is, after all, the materially important point for which we are met—that we should not go down to posterity as a generation that was unaware of the treasure in our midst; and I trust that before long it will be our happiness in Edinburgh to see some memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson which shall add to the historical interest of our city, and to the many shrines of learning and of genius by which it is adorned.